Beaver & Gephart

# Bellefonte Republican.

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### WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent

Washington, September 18, 1893.

A majority of the democrats in Congress are very near to being in open revolt against Mr. Cleveland, and unless that gentleman displays a more conciliatory disposition there may be a permanent split in the democratic party in the very near future. The straw which has almost broken the back of the democratic animal is Mr. Cleveland's opposition to the bill for repeal of the Federal Election laws by the House, until after the Senate disposes of the silver repeal bill. It is said that Mr. Cleveland spoke in a most dictatorial manner to Speaker Crisp because of his having consented that this bill should be reported to the House without having first obtained permission, and that Mr. Crisp got nettled and told him that he was under the impression that the President was at the head of the executive, not the legislative branch of the government. Well, he wants to be at the head of them all, and he is openly accused by democrats with having influenced democratic members of the House to stay away in order to break a quorum. Whether he did or not it is certain that the democrats tried in vain to get a quorum for three days last week. To-day is a holiday, on account of the centennial celebration of the laying of the corner stone of the Capitol building, and it remains to be seen whether there will be a quorum of democrats in the House to-morrow. The republicans very naturally decline to assist in making a quorum of the House for any such purpose.

The condition in the Senate is practically unchanged. Senator Vorhees, although he knows that a majority of the Senators—49 Senators are claimed, and the claimed, and the claim is undisputed—will vote for his repeal bill if it can be got to a vote, is afraid to attempt to force the fight, although he continues to threaten to do so. There is only one way to force the bill to a vote, and that is to keep the senate continually in session with a quorum,—43 Senators—always on the floor, until the opposition becomes sufficiently worn out to consent to a vote; but Senator Vorhees does not feel certain that he can do that for the very good reason that a number of Senators who are willing to vote for repeal have said that they would not consider it their duty to remain continuously on the floor in order to force a vote. Then, there is another side to this question of endurance. Enough of the repealers may become worn out to enable the silver men to vote down the bill or to amend it to suit themselves. It is no child's play either way you look at it, and, whatever may be the opinion of outsiders, every Senator fully realizes the seriousness of the situation.

The principal reason why Mr. Cleveland does not wish the House to start the acrimoneous debate that is certain to follow the taking up of the bill for the repeal of the federal election law is that he realizes the necessity of having the active assistance of republican Senators if the Vorhees bill is to be passed, and fears that assistance may be lost through the abuse of republicans in the House. And there are good and sufficient grounds for his fear. Not that anything any democrat could say would change the vote of any republican Senator who upon principle favor the repeal bill, but that it might result in causing some of them to absent themselves at a critical period, which might result in the defeat of the bill. Take it all in all the democrats, split in half as they are on the silver question, occupy a very ticklish position. The southern Senators are constantly hearing of populist gains at their homes, and it begins to look as though the repeal of the purchasing clause of the silver law might accomplish one very desirable thing—a break up of the solid south—if the repeal itself can be accomplished.

To-day there is a flag of truce flying, so to speak, and the President, the Cabinet and Congress are helping the people to celebrate the centennial of the laying of the corner stone of the Capitol. The celebration is a great success, the plaza facing the east front of the Capitol being packed with something like 200,000 people to listen to the speaking, music and the grand chorus of 1500 voices, which have been in training for months. The President made the speech introducing Mr. William Wirt Henry, of Va., the principal orator; the Vice President spoke for the Senate; Speaker Crisp for the House of Representatives; Justice Brown of the Supreme Court, for the Judiciary, and Commissioner Parker for the District of Columbia.

Senator Cullom's resolution to investigate the dogging of pensioners at their homes by government detectives, for the purpose of obtaining admissions to be used as evidence to reduce their pensions or to entirely deprive them of them, which was offered several days ago, has aroused much indignation in Congress against the pension methods of the administration, some of it among democrats. The resolution will be heard from again.

### HE ADMITS THE THEFT.

Washington.—Henry S. Cochran, who has confessed to having stolen the $134,000 in gold bullion from the Philadelphia mint, has been brought to this city. He was in charge of two detectives.

The Treasury Department has made public the exact facts in relation to the reported loss of gold bullion from the mint at Philadelphia, as follows:

"On account of a demand for coin a vault in which some $16,000,000 was stored in 1887 by Mr. Preston during the term of Mr. Fox as superintendent and which was receipted for by Mr. O. C. Bobyshell without weighing, was opened on the 8th inst. and the bullion weighed by Mr. Morgan was found to be thirty bars short, valued at about $134,000.

"Mr. Morgan immediately reported to the Mint Bureau the results, when he was directed to return to Philadelphia at once and reweigh the bullion.

"On the second weighing it was still found to be short.

"Since this bullion was stored in the vault the weigh clerk, an old employee at the mint, had sole custody of it, and circumstances indicated that he knew what had become of the missing bullion.

"He was charged with embezzlement, and he finally admitted it; he furnished information as to where over $100,000 of it was secreted, which was recovered, and more will be recovered, as he expresses a willingness to give it up, but as to how much cannot be accurately stated, but probably between $6,000 and $7,000.

"It is believed at the Treasury Department that the government will lose nothing. This statement is made in order to allay all sensational news."

Henry S. Cochran had been in the employ of the mint for over forty years. His salary was $2,000.

### WISDOM DEMANDED.

The critical hour has arrived in the existence of organized labor. The question is whether organized labor will have the wisdom to pass through the ordeal without injury to the cause. The object of organized labor was and is to improve the financial, social, mental and moral condition of the workingman; to exercise such influence in the lodge as shall make him a wiser, and therefore a better man. But it will be noticed that of late years organized labor has stepped a long way out of the lodge, toward the works, with the object of running factories, mills and other industrial establishments according to its own ideas of what is proper.

A glance over the situation is sufficient to raise the query whether such a policy is wise at this juncture. It cannot be denied that the attempt of unions to control work and wages at this time must be futile, and the wise thing for leaders of organized labor to do is to stay in the lodges and let each individual workingman look out for himself until the razor of these democratic times have somewhat abated. If the unions act with wisdom now they will pass through these trying times in better shape and be in condition to do more effective work when a more opportune time arrives. It does not require a sharp eye to see that this is a most inauspicious time for unions to interfere with the management of the mills or try to regulate wages.

The situation is watched with considerable uneasiness by those friendly to organized labor.

### CHOLERA'S RAVAGES.

The extent of the ravages of cholera in the Old World is great. As showing the results of this scourge, it is stated that in May last some 9,000 pilgrims left Tunis and other parts for Mecca, and of this number only half have returned, the others having fallen victims to cholera. The survivors tell terrible tales of suffering. On June 24, 100,000 pilgrims were gathered on the sacred mount to hear a solemn address prior to the proceeding for Mecca. Many were starving. The mount resembled a battlefield, being strewn with corpses of victims of the pestilence, among whom were lying hundreds of the poor wretches who were dying from the dread disease. So frightful was the condition of affairs that no one dared to approach the place Finally a battalion of 700 Turkish soldiers was sent to bury the dead and rescue the living. Five hundred of these soldiers lost their lives as a result of their devotion to duty. Of the whole battalion only 200 escaped the pestilence.

It is not known just what arithmetic Secretary Hoke Smith studied in his boyhood days. Those with which most people are familiar all agree that 2 and 2 and 2 and 4 make 10, but the Secretary seems to insist that though a veteran may have $2 worth of disability for rheumatism, $2 for loss of finger, $2 for impaired vision, and $4 for loss of hearing, he has only $4 worth altogether. We should like a diagram explaining this.

### THE VETERAN'S TALK SUGGESTED BY "HISTORY AS SHE IS WROTE."

There seems to be a fascination in the name of Benedict Arnold, even for Americans of unquestionable patriotism. It was only the other day that I called attention to an assertion in the newspapers that the late Eliza DeHaas, who died at Bellefonte on the 20th inst., was a niece of the traitor General of the Revolution. I find the same claim of relationship, but modified as to degree, in an article by Mr. John B Linn in the Bellefonte *Republican*. Mr. Linn says that Miss DeHaas' mother was Ann Shippen, "a near relative of Mrs. Benedict Arnold." I do not believe that even in this modified form the assertion can be sustained. There is no reason to doubt that a young woman named Ann Shippen was married to Philip DeHaas by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Pilmore, in St. Paul's Church, in this city, August 21, 1792. Although there is no absolute proof of it on record that I know of it may be accepted as true that this Philip DeHaas was John Philip DeHaas, the son and namesake of General John Philip DeHaas, of the Revolutionary army. I have looked in vain in the Pennsylvania *Packet* for a notice of the marriage an in 118 attention that I scarcely think possible if Ann was a Shippen of the Shippens.

That she was not I am convinced. That she was not a descendant of Chief Justice Shippen is certain, and, therefore, she could not have been a near relative of Mrs. Benedict Arnold. She may, however, have been descended from Dr. William Shippen, of whose son and his family I saw a rather apochryphal account in the New York *Sun* some weeks ago. My reason for believing this is that some of Dr. William Shippen's descendants are the only members of the Shippen family who are not fully accounted for.

The *Sun's* account of the relationship of Benedict Arnold to the Shippen family is a very amusing example of "History as She Is Wrote." Everybody ought to know that it was Margaret, the daughter of Edward Shippen, who was married to General Arnold in Christ Church in this city, April 8, 1779; but the *Sun's* historian has it that she was Dr. Shippen's daughter Peggy, and that William Shippen, who built the famous old mansion at Oxford Furnace, in New Jersey, known as the "Fowler House," in which ex-Secretary of the Navy George M Robeson was born, "was a son of Dr. Shippen and a brother-in-law of Benedict Arnold," According to the *Sun* writer is a New Jersey tradition that William Shippen was not married to the woman with whom he lived at Oxford, although several daughters were born to them, each one of whom he provided with a marriage portion. This statement is discredited, however, by the fact that the person who reports it did not know that the Shippen in question was not a brother-in-law of Benedict Arnold.

It is a very curious fact, brought out by the death of Miss Eliza DeHaas, that so little should be known of the family antecedents of a woman whose father was the son of a Revolutionary General and whose mother was a Shippen. I have spent considerable time looking up the military record of the General after his promotion; but apart from the beef incident of which I spoke the other day I have not found one single fact that would show that he was in active service. General DeHaas died in Philadelphia, June 3, 1786, but the *Packet* made no mention of his death. According to a letter of Major Williams, of DeHaas' regiment, Lieutenant DeHaas was carried on the rolls and drew pay, although he was a boy at school and too young to serve. But, whatever may have been the military backwardness of the elder DeHaas, he certainly understood how to care for No, 1 and he died possessed of a large estate, part of which, a large tract of land in Buffalo Valley, Union county, and a tract containing 809 acres on Bald Eagle Creek, half a mile below the mouth of Beech Creek, was in recompense for his services in the French and Indian war. To the Beech Creek estate DeHaas added many acres by the purchase of the allotments of other officers.

According to Mr. Linn, John Phili DeHaas, the younger, removed with his family to Bald Eagle Creek in 1806. His family consisted of John P DeHaas, Eleanor, married to Thomas Stevenson; William, Harriet, Edward, recently deceased in Curtin township, Centre county; Ann married to Joshua Roan, and Eliza, all now deceased. They went with coach and horses, Eliza, who is just deceased, being then only 3 months old. Varying fortune reduced the family in circumstances, and the two daughters, Harriet and Eliza, found a home in the family of J Matlock Benner, in Bellefonte, where in their declining years, they were tenderly cared for by the Misses Benner. From all this it is clear that if the history of the DeHaas family could be told in its entirety it would let in a flood of light upon the men and methods of the past.

The Ex-Editor In The Philadelphia Inquirer—August 30, 1893.

### WORKINGMEN'S ALLIANCE.

Pittsburg, Pa.,—Pittsburg labor leaders begin correspondence this week with the national officials of every labor organization of the United States on the subject of the national workingmen's alliance, which will embrace within its ranks every association of workingmen in the country. The plan has already received General Master Workman Powderly's approval, and it is believed will find acceptance among laboring men everywhere.

Prominent local leaders of the Knights of Labor, United Mine Workers, National Plate Glass Workers, Pattern Makers' union and others are actively at work in the interest of the new national organization. Yesterday a letter on the subject was addressed to the chairman of the convention of railway employes, now in session at Harrisburg, asking for the sentiment of the railroad men in regard to the labor alliance. The co-operation of the railroaders is considered important. After the views of the various labor organizations have been expressed a meeting of their representatives will be called, at which a national organization will be effected.

It is intended that the privilege of admission to membership will be extended to all who create wealth. With all unions thus allied there will, it is claimed be no strikes. Other benefits claimed for a national union will be those arising from the establishment of the laboring classes as a more important factor in politics.

### BELLEFONTE COUNCIL.

The council met in regular session last Monday evening. The attention of the borough law makers was called to the fact that a board walk was needed on East Curtin street in front of a vacant lot. The street committee were instructed to attend to the matter. Mr. Al Garman asked for the privilege of paving the street from the corner at Jackson, Crider & Hastings' bank to the Opera House. Permission was granted, no expense to devolve upon the borough. Mr. Garman proposes to put down the patent Bayard pavement. The street committee were directed to lay a new crossing on High street, from Le-Van's store to the Benner residence, and to repair the crossing from the bridge to the store of Ed Rowe and to sell or give away the band stand now standing in the diamond. There was some talk about the Electric lighting. The price now paid is $96.00 per year for each light, which are not on all night or on moonlight nights. The council wants the lights to be on every night all night and at the same price such service is given in other towns. It is about time the borough dads gave some attention to our system of lighting and demand a full and complete service at a fair price. After approving the bills council adjourned.

### SEEMS WORRIED.

The *Watchman* seems to be much worried because the republican papers do not say mean things about the democratic county ticket. Now the *Watchman* should know that republican papers never say mean things. The personal of the democratic ticket is not so bad. Many of them were with us six years ago and helped us to give the county democracy a sound drubbing. How can we speak ill of our old friends. The only wonder to us is that the democratic party rewards our old allies with some of the best places on the ticket. But then we cannot find much fault with that for we always thought that the best kind of a democrat is one that turns in once in a while and helps the republicans clean out the whole rotten hoard. We are willing to pat such a democrat on the back and say "well done, old fellow; you are right part of the time, anyway." Of course the democrats did right to nominate these men, for they deserve a reward for their work of six years ago and we are not in a position to grant the favor. But how will it be if this fall they get a dose of their own medicine?

Among the interesting features of Harper's Bazar, published September 23d, will be an illustrated article on "Italian Lace and Lace-makers," by the Countess Cora Slocumb di Brazza. This lady has taken great interest in the Italian exhibit at the World's Fair. A bright sketch, entitled "The American Husband," by Mrs. Oliver Bell Bunce; "The Worker or the Woman," by Helen Watterson; and "The Talk-Habit," by Anne H Wharton, will add interest to this number, which will also contain a review of *The Prince of India*, by Prof. Edwin A Grosvenor, of Amherst College.

Dont forget the Eureka Grocery when you want to buy goods in that line. They can serve you with good goods at very low prices.

### MEXICAN PENSION ROLL.

One Which is Not "Purged," and in Which There Are No Suspensions.

On the Mexican Pension Roll there are the names of 15,215 survivors and 7,282 widows, and something over 3,000 cases were pending at latest reports. This makes a total of 25,497, or several thousand more men than the United States had in Mexico at any one time during the war. These all receive either $8 or $12 a month.

Among the names are those of the widow of Gen. Samuel Cooper, a New Yorker by birth, who was Adjutant-General of the United States Army at the outbreak of the war, and used his position to aid the rebels in preparing for the struggle. He resigned his position to become Adjutant-General of the Southern Confederacy, and officiated as such until the rebellion collapsed. Mrs. Cooper has been drawing a pension since June 6, 1887.

The widow of Thomas J. ("Stonewall") Jackson, who was next to Lee the most popular commander of the rebel armies.

The widow of Maj.-Gen. George E. Pickett, who commanded a division in the rebel army.

The widow of Maj.-Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, who commanded a division in the rebel army.

The widow of Lieut.-Gen. A. P. Hill, who commanded one of the three corps of Lee's army.

The widow of Sidney Smith Lee, who was dismissed from the Navy for "going over to the enemy," and afterward became a Commodore in the rebel navy.

Brig.-Gen. Jas. R. Chalmers, who was Forrest's chief lieutenant.

Maj. Gen. Dabney H. Maury, who commanded the rebel troops at the battle of Chickasaw Bayou.

Hon. S. B. Maxey, late United States Senator from Texas, who has been drawing his pension since May 27, 1887. He was a Major-General in the rebel army.

Hon. Jas. Z. George, Senator from Mississippi, and who served in the rebel army as a Colonel. The number of his certificate is 17,214.

Hon. A. H. Colquitt, Senator from Georgia, who was a Major-General in the rebel army, draws a pension under certificate 19,199.

The widows above mentioned are of men who were educated at the Government expense, and afterward fought to destroy the Government. They went on the roll at once, while last April there were pending the claims of 145,520 widows of Union soldiers who had not yet been able to get on the roll.

### TREASON'S DAY.

We copy the following letter which was published in the Philadelphia *Press* of late date with comment by the *Press* which will meet the approval of all who are truly legal:

Sir:—I invite your attention to the following despatch published in various papers:—

"New Orleans, La., Sept. 11.—The general commanding the United Confederate Veterans has issued an order fixing the date of the unveiling of the Confederate monument at Chicago for Saturday, October 8. This is final and no other change or postponement will be made. At Chicago Hon. W. P. C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, will be the orator of the day, and General J. B. Gordon, of Georgia, will preside on the occasion as commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans."

What is the meaning of this? Does the nation actually intend to honor the "lost cause?" In that State, too, made sacred by the ashes of the immortal Lincoln?

Let the South, as a part of the Union, have a hundred days at the fair, and let the North give them the warmest welcome; but let no monuments be set up nor day set apart to do homage to the principles of treason and rebellion.

It is unseemly, but in keeping with the present Administration to honor those who would have rent our country's banner in twain while the battle-scarred "boys in blue," who risked their lives "to preserve the old flag whole," are treated as "frauds and paupers."

It is time that gush and sentiment toward rebels had ceased, or the next generations will be apt to regard the men who tried to destroy our country as the real heroes.

Why not have an "Arnold Day" and a "Wilkes Booth Day" too?

If Confederate Day must be observed let it be on the 8th of November instead of October, as it would celebrate the anniversary of the South's great victory of '92.

"Loyal."

Marlton, N. J., Sept. 13, 1893.

It is true that our protective legislation still stands, but the Democratic party is pledged to repeal it. Their victory last year, as they interpret it, was a decree to tear up protection root and branch. Is that not true? If so, then the commonest instinct of business prudence demands the business world to take notice. They have done it, and the present condition of the country tells the rest.—*Governor McKinley, at Akron, Ohio.*

### THE NEW RAILROAD.

Last week twenty-four thousand dollars were paid to the workmen on the Central Penn. railroad from Bellefonte to Mill Hall. Over eleven miles of the track is laid and all the grading is finished. There are several bridges to be built, the longest being only one hundred and twenty feet. It is said that after leaving Bellefonte Washington Furnace will be probably the most important point on the line; that there, there will be built a handsome station. Starting from the Valentine Furnace over the Nittany Valley a train was run last Friday eleven miles, (the Nittany Valley is only a little over four miles long). As we have said there is no doubt this road will be completed before the first of December and the cars running over the entire line. This will give our town two competing lines of railroad connecting Bellefonte with the whole country; the Pennsylvania, one of the best railroad systems in the world, and the Reading which is, as we have the authority of the Penna office for saying, "a vast system of affiliating railroad lines in direct competition in the territory covered" by them which territory they describe to be "between the city of New York in the State of New York, the city of Philadelphia in the State of Pennsylvania, the city of Baltimore in the State of Maryland, the city of Washington in the District of Columbia, the city of Pittsburg of Pennsylvania, the cities of Harrisburg and Erie in the State of Pennsylvania, the city of Williamsport in the State of Pennsylvania, and Sodus Point on Lake Ontario in the State of New York and points intervening, beyond and tributary to or connected with said abovenamed points, together with an affiliated system of railroad and railway lines extending beyond the State of Pennsylvania, to the cities of Chicago and St Louis, and other points in the inferior of the United States."

Thus it will be seen that with the completion of the Central Penn railroad Bellefonte will have as good railroad facilities as any other town or city in this State. And a competition that should give our business men every facility for doing business at as good advantage as it is possible to have. Even now the good results of competition is becoming manifest, as we understand that superintendant Blair proposes to put on a fast freight to give our town better freight facilities. There is no doubt but that the Pennsylvania railroad company will do its level best to keep up with the band wagon and our people can chalk it down in their hats "it is a cold day" when the old Pennsylvania gets left. So the day is near at hand and almost here when the business men of Bellefonte are to have what they have been striving for these many years. We trust their fondest hopes will be realized.

### LAST TOUR OF THE SEASON TO NIAGARA FALLS.

September 28th marks the end of the Niagara Falls series of tours via the Pennsylvania Railroad this year. The extensive patronage accorded the previous trips, and the expressions of satisfaction given by participants at the manner in which these tours have been conducted by the company and its employees amply attest the attractiveness of them and the estimation in which they are held. A tourist agent and chaperon will accompany this last party and render invaluable service in the promotion of general comfort.

The remarkable rate of $10 the round trip covers the expense of transportation to and from this wonderful work of nature, especially magnificent and picturesque at this season, with the surrounding autumn coloring.

There was once a man who, while deathly seasick, said that he had but one wish, and that was to get well long enough to find and thrash the man who wrote "A Life on the Ocean Wave." There are now a number of men of the same mind who want to find and settle with the author of a song very popular last Fall:

Grover,
Grover,
Four years more of Grover.
In he goes,
Out they go,
Then we'll live in clover.

### A PREACHER'S HASTY FLIGHT.

Pottstown, Pa.,—Farmer Updegrove, of Parkerford, discovered that his hen roost had been robbed during the night of thirty-five chickens. Wagon tracks led the farmer in the direction of Pottstown. He suspected Rev. William H. Johnson, a colored preacher, residing just across the river from here, and swore out a warrant for his arrest. The premises of the preacher were searched by Constable Ecker and the chickens were found in the cellar. Rev. Johnson then left suddenly.

# Waring's Peril.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

upon it the previous year, no officer appeared to supervise the grooming and feeding. Two of them were at the post, however. Mr. Doyle, in arrest on charge of absence without leave, was escorted to his quarters about four-fifteen, and was promptly visited by sympathizing and inquisitive comrades from the Hotel Finkbein, while Mr. Ferry, who had effected the arrest, was detained making his report to the post commander. Night came on apace, the wind began to die away with the going down of the sun, the rain ceased to fall, a pallid moon began peering at odd intervals through rifts in the cloudy veil, when Cram rode plashing back into barracks, worn with anxiety and care, at eleven o'clock, and stopping only for a moment to take his wife in his arms and kiss her anxious face and shake his head in response to her eager query for news of Waring, he hurried downstairs again and over to Doyle's quarters. All was darkness there, but he never hesitated. Tramping loudly over the gallery, he banged at the door, then, turning the knob, intending to burst right in, as was the way in the rough old days, was surprised to find the bolt set.

"Doyle, open. I want to see you at once."

All silence within.

"Doyle, open, or, if you are too drunk to get up, I'll kick in the door."

A groan, a whispered colloquy, then the rattle of bolts and chain. The door opened about an inch, and an oily Irish voice inquired:

"Hwat's wanted, capt'in?"

"You here?" exclaimed Cram, in disgust. "What business have you in this garrison? If the colonel knew it you'd be driven out at the point of the bayonet."

"Sure, where should wife be but at her husband's side whin he's sick and sufferin'? Didn't they root him out of bed and comfort this day and ride him down like a felon in all the storm? Sure it was the doughboys' orders, sir. I told Doyle the capt'in never would have—"

"Oh, be quiet; I must see Doyle, and at once."

"Sure, he's not able, capt'in. You know how it is wid him; he's that sinsitive he couldn't bear to talk of the disgrace he's bringing on the capt'in and the batthery, and I knowed he'd been dhrinkin', sir, and I came back to look for him, but he'd got started, capt'n, and it's—"

"Stop this talk! He wasn't drinking at all until you came back here to hound him. Open that door, or a file of guard will."

"Och! thin wait till I'm dressed, for dacency's sake, capt'in. Sure I'll thry and wake him."

And then more whispering, the click of glass, maudlin protestation in Doyle's thick tones. Cram banged at the door and demanded instant obedience. Admitted at last, he strode to the side of an ordinary hospital cot, over which the mosquito bar was now ostentatiously drawn, and upon which was stretched the bulky frame of the big Irishman, his red, blear-eyed, bloated face half covered in his arms. The close air reeked with the fumes of whisky. In her distress lest Jim should take too much, the claimant of his name and protection had evidently been sequestrating a large share for herself.

"How on earth did you get here? Your house was flooded all day," angrily asked Cram.

"Sure we made a raft, sir—Louette and me—and poled over to the levee, and I walked every fut of the way down to follow me husband, as I swore I would whin we was married. I'd 'a' come in Anatole's boat, sir, but 'twas gone—gone since last night. Did ye know that, capt'in?"

A groan and a feverish toss from the occupant of the narrow bed interrupted her.

"Hush, Jim darlin'! Here's the capt'in to see you and tell you he's come back to have you roighted. Sure how could a poor fellow be expected to come home in all that awful storm this morning, capt'in? 'Tis for not comin' the colonel had him under arrest; but I tell him the capt'in 'll see him through."

But Cram pushed her aside as she still interposed between him and the bed.

"Doyle, look up and answer. Doyle, I say!"

Again vehement protestations, and now an outburst of tears and pleadings, from the woman.

"Oh, he can't understand you, capt'in. Ah, don't be hard on him. Only this mornin' he was sayin' how the capt'in reminded him of the ould foine days whin the officers was all gintlemen and soldiers. He's truer to ye than all the rest of thim, sir. D'ye moind that, capt'in? Ye wouldn't belave it, mabby, but there's them that can tell ye Loot'nant Waring was no friend of yours, sir, and worse than that, if ould Lascelles could spake now—but there's thim left that can, glory be to God!"

"Oh, for God's sake shut up," spoke Cram roughly, goaded beyond all patience. "Doyle, answer me!" And he shook him hard. "You were at the Pelican last night, and you saw Mr. Waring and spoke with him? What did he want of you? Where did he go? Who were with him? Was there any quarrel? Answer, I say! Do you know?" But maudlin moaning and incoherencies were all that Cram could extract from the prostrate man. Again the woman interposed, eager, tearful.

"Sure he was there, capt'in, he was there; he told me of it whin I fetched him home last night to git him out of the storm and away from that place; but he's too dhrunk now to talk. Sure there was no gettin' down here to barx for anybody. The cabman, sir, said no carriage could make it."

"What cabman? That's one thing I want to know. Who is he? What became of him?"

"Sure and how do I know, sir? He was a quiet, dacent man, sir; the same that Mr. Waring bate so cruel and made Jeffers kick and bate him too. I saw it all."

"And was he at the Pelican last night? I must know."

"Sure he was indade, sir. Doyle said so when I fetched him home, and though he can't tell you now, sir, he told me thin. They all came down to the Pelican, sir, Waring and Lascelles and the other gintlemen, and they had dhrink, and there was trouble between the Frenchman and Waring,—sure you can't blame him, wid his wife goin' on so wid the loot'nant all the last month,—and blows was struck, and Doyle interposed to stop it, sir, loike the gintleman that he is, and the cab-driver took a hand and pitched him out into the mud. Sure he'd been dhrinking a little, sir, and was aisy upset, but that's all he knows. The carriage drove away, and there was three of thim, and poor Doyle got caught out there in the mud and in the storm, and 'twas me went out wid Dawson and another of the byes and fetched him in. And we niver heerd of the murther at all all, sir, until I came down here to-day, that's God's troot, and he'll tell ye so whin he's sober," she ended breathlessly, reckless of her descriptive confusion of Doyle and Divinity.

And still the Irishman lay there, limp, soggy, senseless, and at last, dismayed and disheartened, the captain turned away.

"Promise to sober him up by reveille, and you may stay. But hear this: If he cannot answer for himself by that time, out you go in the battery cart with a policeman to take you to the calaboose." And then he left.

No sooner had his footsteps died away than the woman turned on her patient, now struggling to a sitting posture.

"Lie still, you thafe and cur, and sware you to every word I say, unless you'd hang in his place. Dhrink this, now, and go to slape, and be riddy to tell the story I give ye in the mornin', or may the knife ye drove in that poor mummy's throat come back to cut your coward heart out."

And Doyle, shivering, sobbing, crazed with drink and fear, covered his eyes with his hands and threw himself back on his hot and steaming pillow.

The morning sun rose brilliant and cloudless as the horses of the battery came forth from the dark interior of

"BE READY TO TELL THE STORY I GIVE YE."

the stable and, after watering at the long wooden trough on the platform, were led away by their white-frocked grooms, each section to its own picketline. Ferry, supervising the duty, presently caught sight of the tall muscular form of his captain coming briskly around the corner, little Pierce tripping along by his side. Cram acknowledged the salute of the battery officer of the day in hurried fashion.

"Good-morning, Ferry," he said. "Tell me, who were there when you got Doyle away from that woman yesterday?"

"Only the three, sir,—Mr. and Mrs. Doyle and the negro girl."

"No sign of anybody else?"

"None, sir. I didn't go in the house at all. I rode in the gate and called for Doyle to come out. The woman tried to parley, but I refused to recognize her at all, and presently Doyle obeyed without any trouble whatever, though she kept up a tirade all the time and said he was too sick to ride and all that, but he wasn't. He seemed dazed, but not drunk—certainly not sick. He rode all right, only he shivered and crossed himself and moaned when he passed the Lascelles place, for that hound pup set up a howl just as we were opposite the big gate. He was all trembling when we reached the post, and took a big drink the moment he got to his room."

"Ye-es, he's been drinking ever since. I've just sent the doctor to see him. Let the corporal and one man of the guard go with the ambulance to escort Mrs. Doyle out of the garrison and take her home. She shall not stay."

"Why, she's gone, sir," said Ferry. "The guard told me she went out of the back gate and up the track towards Anatole's—going for all she was worth—just after dawn."

"The mischief she has! What can have started her? Did you see her yourself, Sergt. Bennett?" asked the captain of a stocky little Irish soldier, standing at the moment with drawn saber awaiting opportunity to speak to his commander.

"Yes, sir," and the saber came flashing up to the present. "She'd wint over to the hospital to get some medicine for the lieutenant just after our bugle sounded first call, and she came runnin' out as I wint to call the officer of the day, sir. She ran back to the lieutenant's quarters ahead of me, and was up only a minute or two whin down she came wid some bundles, and away she wint to the north running, wild-like. The steward told me a moment after of Dawson's escape."

"Dawson! escaped from hospital?"

"Yes, sir. They thought he was all right last evening when he was sleeping, and took the sentry off, and at four this morning he was gone."

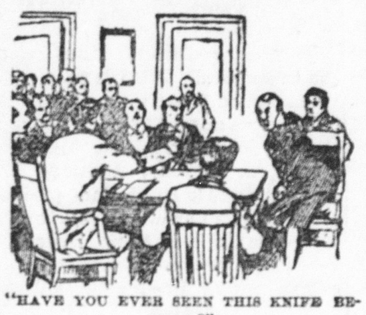
VII.

Forty-eight hours had passed, and not a trace had been found of Lieut. Waring. The civil officers of the law had held grave converse with the seniors on duty at the barracks, and Cram's face was lined with anxiety and trouble. The formal inquest was held as the flood subsided, and the evidence of the post surgeon was most important. About the throat of the murdered man were indubitable marks of violence. The skin was torn as by finger-nails, the flesh bruised and discolored as by fiercely-grasping fingers. But death, said the doctor, was caused by the single stab. Driven downward with savage force, a sharp-pointed, two-edged, straight-bladed knife had pierced the heart, and all was over in an instant. One other wound there was, a slashing cut across the stomach, which had let a large amount of blood, but might possibly not have been mortal. What part the deceased had taken in the struggle could only be conjectured. A little five-chambered revolver which he habitually carried was found on the floor close at hand. Two charges had been recently fired, for the barrel was black with powder; but no one had heard a shot.

The barkeeper at the Pelican could throw but little light on the matter. The storm had broken, he said, with sudden fury. The rain dashed in torrents against his western front, and threatened to beat in the windows. He called to two men who happened to be seated at a table to assist him, and was busy trying to get up the shutters, when Lieut. Doyle joined them and rendered timely aid. He had frequently seen Doyle during the previous month. Mrs. Doyle lived in the old Lemaitre house in the block below, and he often supplied them with whisky. They drank nothing but whisky. As they ran in the side door they were surprised to see the lights of a carriage standing at the edge of the banquette, and the driver begged for shelter for his team, saying some gentlemen had gone inside. The barkeeper opened a gate, and the driver put his horses under a shed in a paved court in the rear, then came in for a drink. Meantime, said the barkeeper, whose name was Bonelli, three gentlemen who were laughing over their escape from the storm had ordered wine and gone into a private room, Doyle with them. The only one he knew was M. Lascelles, though he had seen one of the others frequently as he rode by, and knew him to be an officer before Mr. Doyle slapped him on the back and hailed him as "Sammy, old buck!" or something like that. Mr. Doyle had been drinking, and the gentleman whispered to him not to intrude just then, and evidently wanted to get rid of him, but M. Lascelles, who had ordered the wine, demanded to be introduced, and would take no denial, and invited Mr. Doyle to join them, and ordered more wine. And then Bonelli saw that Lascelles himself was excited by drink—the first time he had ever noticed it in the year he had known him. The third gentleman he had never seen before, and could only say he was dark and sallow and did not talk, except to urge the driver to make haste,—they must go on; but he spoke in a low voice with Mr. Lascelles as they went to the room, and presently the rain seemed to let up a little, though it blew hard, and the driver went out and looked around and then returned to the private room where the gentlemen were having their wine, and there was some angry talk, and he came out in a few minutes, very mad; said he wouldn't be hired to drive that party any farther, or any other party, for that matter; that no carriage could go down the levee; and then he got out his team and drove back to town; and then Bonelli could hear sounds of altercation in the room, and Mr. Doyle's voice, very angry, and the strange gentleman came out, and one of the men who'd been waiting said he had a cab, if that would answer, and he'd fetch it right off, and by the time he got back it was raining hard again, and he took his cab in under the shed where the carriage had been, and a couple of soldiers from the barracks then came in, wet and cold, and begged for a drink, and Bonelli knew one of them, called Dawson, and trusted him, as he often had done before. When Dawson heard Lieut. Doyle's drunken voice he said there'd be trouble getting him home, and he'd better fetch Mrs. Doyle, and while he was gone Lascelles came out, excited, and threw down a twenty-dollar bill and ordered more Krug and some brandy, and there was still loud talk, and when Bonelli carried in the bottles Doyle was sitting back in a chair, held down by the other officer, who was laughing at him, but, nevertheless, had a knife in hand—a long, sharp, two-edged knife—and Doyle was calling him names, and was very drunk, and soon after they all went out into the rear court, and Doyle made more noise, and the cab drove away around the corner, going down the levee through the pouring rain, one man on the box with the driver. That was the last he saw. Then Mrs. Doyle came in mad, and demanded her husband, and they found him reeling about the dark court, swearing and muttering, and Dawson and she took him off between them. This must have been before eleven o'clock; and that was absolutely all he knew.

Then Mr. Allerton had told his story again, without throwing the faintest light on the proceedings, and the hack-driver was found, and frankly and fully told his: that Lascelles and another gentleman hired him about eight o'clock to drive them down to the former's place, which they said was several squares above the barracks. He said that he would have to charge them eight dollars such a night anywhere below the old cotton-press, where the pavement ended. But then they had delayed starting nearly an hour, and took another gentleman with them, and that when driven by the storm to shelter at the Pelican saloon, three squares below where the pavement ended, and he asked for his money, saying he dare go no farther in the darkness and the flood, the Frenchman wouldn't pay, because he hadn't taken them all the way. He pointed out that he had to bring another gentleman and had to wait a long time, and demanded his eight dollars. The other gentleman, whom he found to be one of the officers at the barracks, slipped a bill into his hand and said it was all he had left, and if it wasn't enough he'd pay him the next time he came to town. But the others were very angry, and called him an Irish thief, and then the big soldier in uniform said he wouldn't have a man abused because he was Irish, and Lieut. Waring, as he understood the name of this other officer to be, told him, the witness, to slip out and say no more, that he'd fix it all right, and that was the last he saw of the party, but he heard loud words and the sound of a scuffle as he drove away.

And Mme. d'Hervilly had given her testimony, which, translated, was to this effect: She had known the deceased these twenty years. He had been in the employ of her lamented husband, who died of the fever in '55,



"HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THIS KNIFE BEFORE?"

and monsieur had succeeded to the business, and made money, and owned property in town, besides the old family residence on the levee below. He was wedded to Emilie only a little while before the war, and lived at home all through, but business languished then, they had to contribute much, and his younger brother, M. Philippe, had cost him a great deal. Philippe was an officer in the zouaves raised in 1861 among the French Creoles, and marched with them to Columbus, and was wounded and came home to be nursed, and Emilie took care of him for weeks and months, and then he went back to the war and fought bravely, and was shot again and brought home, and this time M. Lacelles did not want to have him down at the house; he said it cost too much to get the doctors down there; so he came under Madame's roof, and she was very fond of the boy, and Emilie would come sometimes and play and sing for him. When the war was over M. Lascelles gave him money to go to Mexico with Maximilian, and when the French were recalled many deserted and came over to New Orleans, and M. Lascelles was making very little money now, and had sold his town property, and he borrowed money of her to help, as he said, Philippe again, who came to visit him, and he was often worried by Philippe's letters begging for money. Seven thousand dollars now he owed her, and only last week had asked for more. Philippe was in Key West to buy an interest in some cigar business. M. Lascelles said if he could raise three thousand to reach Philippe this week they would all make money, but Emilie begged her not to, she was afraid it would all go, and on the very day before he was found dead he came to see her in the afternoon on Rampart street, and Emilie had told her of Mr. Waring's kindness to her and to Nin Nin, and how she never could have got up after being dragged into the mud by that drunken cabman, "and she begged me to explain the matter to her husband, who was a little vexed with her because of Mr. Waring." But he spoke only about the money, and did not reply about Mr. Waring, except that he would see him and make proper acknowledgment of his civility. He seemed to think only of the money, and said Philippe had written again and must have help, and he was angry at Emilie because she would not urge with him, and Emilie wept, and he went away in anger, saying he had business to detain him in town until morning, when he would expect her to be ready to return with him.

Much of thistestimony was evoked by pointed queries of the officials, who seemed somewhat familiar with Lascelles' business and family affairs, and who then declared that they must question the stricken widow. Harsh and unfeeling as this may have seemed, there were probably reasons which atoned for it. She came in on the arm of the old family physician, looking like a drooping flower, with little Nin Nin clinging to her hand. She was so shocked and stunned that she could barely answer the questions put to her with all courtesy and gentleness of manner. No, she had never heard of any quarrel between M. Lascelles and his younger brother. Yes, Philippe had been nursed by her through his wounds. She was fond of Philippe, but not so fond as was her husband. M. Lascelles would do anything for Philippe, deny himself anything almost. Asked if M. Lascelles had not given some reason for his objection to Philippe's being nursed at his house when he came home the second time, she was embarrassed and distressed. She said Philippe was an impulsive boy, fancied himself in love with his brother's wife, and Armand saw something of this, and at last upbraided him, but very gently. There was no quarrel at all. Was there anyone whom M. Lascelles had been angered with on her account? She knew of none, but blushed, and blushed painfully. Had the deceased not recently objected to the attentions paid her by other gentlemen? There was a murmur of reproach among the hearers, but madame answered unflinchingly, though with painful blushes and tears. M. Lascelles had said nothing of disapproval until very recently; au contraire, he had much liked Mr. Waring. He was the only one of the officers at the barracks whom he had ever invited to the house, and he talked with him a great deal; had never, even to her, spoken of a quarrel with him, because Mr. Waring had been so polite to her, until within a week or two; then—yes, he certainly had. Of her husband's business affairs, his papers, etc., she knew little. He always had certain moneys, though not large sums, with all his papers, in the drawers of his cabinet, and that they should be in so disturbed a state was not unusual. They were all in order, closed and locked, when he started for town the morning of that fatal day, but he often left them open and in disorder, only then locking his library door. When she left for town two hours after him, the library door was open, also the side-window. She could throw no light on the tragedy. She had no idea who the stranger could be. She had not seen Philippe for nearly a year, and believed him to be at Key West.

Alphonse, the colored boy, was so terrified by the tragedy and by his detention under the same roof with the murdered man that his evidence was only dragged from him. Nobody suspected the poor fellow of complicity in the crime, yet he seemed to consider himself as on trial. He swore he had entered the library only once during the afternoon or evening, and that was to close the shutters when the storm broke. He left a lamp burning low in the hall, according to custom though he felt sure his master and mistress would remain in town over night rather than attempt to come down. He had slept soundly, as negroes will, despite the gale and the roar of the rain that drowned all other noise. It was late the next morning when his mother called him. The old mammy was frightened to see the front gate open, the deep water in the streets, and the muddy footprints on the veranda. She called Alphonse, who found that his master must have come in during the night, after all, for the lamp was taken from the hall table, the library door was closed and locked, so was the front door, also barred within, which it had not been when he went to bed. He tapped at the library, got no answer, so tiptoed to his master's bedroom; it was empty and undisturbed. Neither had madame nor Mlle. Nin Nin been to their rooms. Then he was troubled, and then the soldeirs came and called him out into the rain. They could tell the rest.

Cram's story is already told, and he could add nothing. The officials tried to draw the batteryman out as to the relations existing between Lieut. Waring and madame, but got badly "bluffed." Cram said he had never seen anything in the faintest degree worthy of comment. Had he heard anything? Yes, but nothing worthy of consideration, much less of repetition. Had he not loaned Mr. Waring his team and carriage to drive madame to town that morning? No. How did he get it then? Took it! Was Mr. Waring in the habit of helping himself to the property of his brother officers? Yes, whenever he felt like it, for they never objected. The legal official thought such spirit of camaraderie in the light artillery must make life at the barracks something almost poetic, to which Cram responded: "Oh, at times absolutely idyllic." And the tilt ended with the civil functionary ruffled, and this was bad for the battery. Cram never had any policy whatsoever.

Lieut. Doyle was the next witness summoned, and a more God-forsaken-looking fellow never sat in a shell jacket. Still in arrest, physically, at the beck of old Braxton, and similarly hampered, intellectually, at the will of bold John Barleycorn, Mr. Doyle came before the civil authorities only upon formal subpœna served at post headquarters. The post surgeon had straightened him up during the day, but was utterly perplexed at his condition. Mrs. Doyle's appearance in the neighborhood some weeks before had been the signal for a series of sprees on the Irishman's part that had on two occasions so prostrated him that Dr. Potts, an acting assistant surgeon, had been called in to prescribe for him, and, thanks to the vigorous constitution of his patient, had pulled him out in a few hours. But this time "Pills the Less" had found Doyle in a state bordering on terror, even when assured that the quantity of his potations had not warranted an approach to tremens. The post surgeon had been called in too, and "Pills the Pitiless," as he was termed, thanks to his unfailing prescription of quinine and blue mass in the shape and size of buckshot, having no previous acquaintance, in Doyle, with these attacks, pooh-poohed the case, administered bromides and admonition in due proportion, and went off about more important business. Dr. Potts, however, stood by his big patient, wondering what should cause him to start in such terror at every step upon the stair without, and striving to bring sleep to eyes that had not closed the livelong night nor all the balmy, beautiful day. Once he asked if Doyle wished him to send for his wife, and was startled at the vehemency of the reply: "For God's sake, no!" and, shuddering, Doyle had hidden his face and turned away. Potts got him to eat something towards noon, and Doyle begged for more drink, but was refused. He was sober, yet shattered, when Mr. Drake suddenly appeared just about stable-call and bade him repair at once to the presence of the commanding officer. Then Potts had to give him a drink, or he would never have got there. With the aid of a servant he was dressed, and, accompanied by the doctor, reached the office. Braxton looked him over coldly.

"Mr. Doyle," said he, "the civil authorities have made requisition for—" But he had got no further when Doyle staggered, and but for the doctor's help might have fallen.

"For God's sake, colonel, it isn't true! Sure I know nothing of it at all at all, sir. Indade, indade, I was blind dhrunk, colonel. Sure they'd swear a man's life away, sir, just because he was the one—he was the one that—"

"Be silent, sir! You are not accused, that I know of. It is as a witness you are needed. Is he in condition to testify, doctor?"

"He is well enough, sir, to tell what he knows, but he claims to know nothing." And this, too, Doyle eagerly seconded, but was sent along in the ambulance, with the doctor to keep him out of mischief, and a parting shot to the effect that when the coroner was through with him the post commander would take hold again, so the colonel depressed more than the cocktail stimulated, and, as luck would have it, almost the first person to meet him inside the gloomy inclosure was his wife, and her few whispered words only added to his misery.

The water still lay in pools about the premises, and the police had allowed certain of his neighbors to stream in and stare at the white walls and shaded windows, but only a favored few penetrated the hallway and rooms where the investigation was being held. Doyle shook like one with the palsy as he ascended the little flight of steps and passed into the open doorway, still accompanied by "Little Pills." People looked at him with marked curiosity. He was questioned, requestioned, cross-questioned, but the result was only a hopeless tangle. He really added nothing to the testimony of the hack driver and Bonelli. In abject remorse and misery he begged them to understand he was drunk when he joined the party, got drunker, dimly remembered there was a quarrel, but he had no cause to quarrel with anyone—and that was all; he never knew how he got home. He covered his face in his shaking hands at last, and seemed on the verge of a fit of crying.

But then came sensation.

Quietly rising from his seat, the official who so recently had had the verbal tilt with Cram held forth a rusty, cross-hilted, two-edged knife that looked as though it might have lain in the mud and wet for hours.

"Have you ever seen this knife before?" he asked. And Doyle, lifting up his eyes one instant, groaned, shuddered, and said:

"Oh, my God, yes!"

"Whose property is it or was it?"

At first he would not reply. He moaned and shook. At last:

"Sure, the initials are on the top," he cried.

But the official was relentless.

"Tell us what they are and what they represent."

People were crowding the hallway and forcing themselves into the room. Cram and Ferry, curiously watching their ill-starred comrade, had exchanged glances of dismay when the knife was so suddenly produced. Now they bent breathlessly forward.

The silence for the moment was oppressive.

"If it's the knife I mane," he sobbed at last, desperately, miserably, "the letters are S. B. W., and it belongs to Lieut. Waring of our bathery."

But no questioning, however adroit, could elicit from him the faintest information as to how it got there. The last time he remembered seeing it, he said, was on Mr. Waring's table the morning of the review. A detective testified to having found it among the bushes under the window as the water receded. Ferry and the miserable Ananias were called, and they, too, had to identify the knife, and admit that neither had seen it about the room since Mr. Waring left for town. Of other witnesses called, came first the proprietor of the stable to which the cab belonged. Horse and cab, he said, covered with mud, were found under a shed two blocks below the French market, and the only thing in the cab was a handsome silk umbrella, London make, which Lieut. Pierce laid claim to. Mrs. Doyle swore that as she was going in search of her husband she met the cab just below the Pelican, driving furiously away, and that in the flash of lightning she recognized the driver as the man whom Lieut. Waring had beaten that morning on the levee in front of her place. A stranger was seated beside him. There were two gentlemen inside, but she saw the face of only one—Lieut. Waring.

Nobody else could throw any light on the matter. The doctor, recalled, declared the knife or dagger was shaped exactly as would have to be the one that gave the death blow. Everything pointed to the fact that there had been a struggle, a deadly encounter, and that after the fatal work was done the murderer or murderers had left the doors locked and barred and escaped through the window, leaving the desk rifled and carrying away what money there was, possibly to convey the idea that it was only a vulgar murder and robbery after all.

Of other persons who might throw light upon the tragedy the following were missing: Lieut. Waring, Private Dawson, the cabman, and the unrecognized stranger. So, too, was Anatole's boat.

Continued next week.

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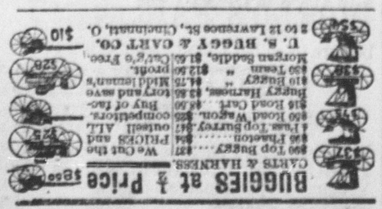


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## WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NEW YORK, Sept. 16, 1893

During the past week, there has been a continuation of the improvement in Wall Street interests, and a marked recovery in the tone and amount of business at large in all parts of the country. The restoration of the banks to something approaching a normal condition has contributed much towards this improvement; inasmuch as it has removed the money blockade, restored confidence in credits, renewed discounting and prepared the way to a general return of ease and low rates in money. The action of the House of Representatives on silver has made a still more important contribution towards the recovery of confidence; for it has given a strong assurance of the remedy of the evil from which all the derangements—monetary, financial and commercial,—have primarily arisen.

Unfortunately, the recovery is obstructed by the needless delay of the Senate in confirming the action of the House on silver repeal For the ordinary purpose of trade, the strong assurance coming from the House and the probability of the Senate ultimately giving a like majority may be accepted as a sufficient guarantee of a moderate business, for trade obligations do not usually extend over a period longer than a few weeks or months. But with the larger operations of capital it is a different case. When outlays for large projects have to be provided for, those who are to advance the capital need to be assured that nothing will interfere to prevent the due payment of their loans; and when doubt exists as to the kind of money in which liquidation may be ultimately made, the capitalist refuses to lend until that radical doubt is removed. It thus comes to pass that the tactics of delay so resolutely persisted in by the Senate are inflicting upon the larger operations of finance and upon new undertakings of industry as complete a paralysis as has existed at any time since the depression set in. Equally it is holding in restraint the disposition of foreign capital to seek employment in this country, providing our money of account is made satisfactory. However much, therefore, business interests may owe to the prompt action of the House on the silver question, it owes it to the reckless trifling of the Senate that the recovery of confidence and of commercial activity is still very far from being complete and that vast amounts of capital are held stagnant or but momentarily employed.

Another serious effect of the obstructive attitude of the minority of the Senate is that it is holding in suspense other measures in which the country is urgently interested. The action of Congress on the large prospective deficiency of revenue, upon the impending tariff legislation, and upon measures necessary to provide a better elasticity in our currency system, is delayed to the detriment of business interests universally. While the country insist upon being finally exempted from the dangers connected with a depreciated silver currency, yet it does not overlook the fact that, when that source of currency supply is cut off, it is necessary that some experience of the effects of a currency famine, the people are not willing that such provision shall be postponed any longer than is really necessary. To deal with that measure, however, before the silver problem is disposed of would be but in the hands of the silver minority the means of deferring legislation on silver purchases and of throwing the whole currency question into confusion. It may not be necessary to undertake at present any broad scheme of currency reform; but whatever has to be done must wait until the Senate has voted on silver.

It is true that, when confidence has been restored and the whole circulation has thereby been brought again into free activity, we shall find the supply of money equal to immediate requirements, and the more so as the new tariff policy will establish, from this time forward, a lower range of prices, which will proportionately reduce the amount of currency needed. But notwithstanding the fact, it is to the last degree undesirable that our ever-expanding trade should be left to operate under a consciousness that there exists no legal provision for an increase in the amount of currency; and there are large sections of the country that would become restive under such a condition of things. It is not therefore to be expected that Congress will let the situation stand just where the suspension of silver purchases leaves it.

Just what Congress may choose to do in the circumstances does not yet appear. In some quarters there are plain indications of a disposition to initiate large measures of reconstruction. While that may become a positive necessity at some not distant period, yet a much more limited treatment would suffice for immediate requirements. If the National banks were allowed to issue notes up to the full face value of their bonds, that would bring out new issues of National bank notes which would more than satisfy immediate wants; and the country would have an interval for considering what should be the nature of future arrangements—a question upon which there has so far been very little intelligent discussion. Considering the many and serious questions that wait the attention of Congress, it seems that this one might well be dismissed with this partial and transient treatment.

HENRY CLEWS.

MR. WHITE, a defunct Philadelphia, left an estate worth $30,000, and in his will disposing of his earthly possessions he directs that "if at any future time any of the beneficiaries thereby, or any of their successors, ever commit any act, or in any manner whatever give any support, aid, sympathy, or countenance to what I consider the pernicious fallacy of prohibition, or its bantling, local option, or any other scheme for the total suppression by law of the manufacture, sale or consumption of liquors that will intoxicate when abused or used to excess, that such legacy shall become forefeit and void as to such beneficiary forthwith." Mr. WHITE believes in prohibition only so far as to prohibit prohibitionists from sharing in his wealth.

## LAST CHEAP EXCURSION TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.

As the period for the existence of the World's Columbian Exposition draws to a close the demand grows stronger for the economical and satisfactory means of reaching Chicago provided heretofore by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Recognizing the urgency of this popular need, that company has fixed a few additional dates on which excursions of the same character as the previous ones will be run. September 19th, 23rd, 28th, October 2nd, 11th, 17th and 21st are the days selected from New York, Philadelphia, and points east of Pittsburg and Erie and north of York.

The special trains will be composed of the standard coaches for which the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is so noted, and the arrival in Chicago at an early hour the following afternoon obviously gives ample opportunity for the securing of accommodations at that place.

The trains will leave New York 9 a. m., arriving at Tyrone at 6 p. m., and Pittsburg at 10.40 p. m. The excursion rate, good only on the special train and valid for return within ten days, is $20 from New York, $18.25 from Philadelphia, and proportionately low from other stations. Return portions of tickets are good for ten days.

These trains will be run on fast schedule and will be provided with all modern conveniences with the exception of Pullman cars.

Many expressions of complete satisfaction have been made by people who have availed themselves of this excellent opportunity of visiting the greatest and grandest exhibition the world has ever seen.

## THE SOLDIER'S REWARD.

BALTIMORE.—Five more deserving old veterans were miserable this morning. Their only support, their pensions, were summarily stopped. They had received no notice until they called at the Post Office for their expected checks. They received little square cards stating that until further notice no more money would be paid them.

Perhaps the most pathetic of the cases is that of John Packmayer. Packmayer served through the entire war in the 54th N. Y. Infantry, and was wounded in the Wilderness and shot through his chest, at Chancellorsville, and was finally captured and imprisoned at Andersonville. The hardships in that place sent him home a wreck.

He has been receiving $12 a month. On that amount he supported his wife, also aged and decrepit. Now he has nothing, and starvation for all his sufferings on behalf of the Union is his reward. The white-headed old man was wandering around the post office to-day. He was lame, rheumatic, emaciated and almost blind. A hacking cough told that he would not draw much more money from the Government he had fought for. His clothing was threadbare and patched, but it was neat and clean.

"You see how it is," said he while tears rolled down his cheeks. "I haven't got the money to go to court. Now the grocer is after his money and I'll get in trouble because I can't pay."

## PLUCK OF AN OPERA SINGER.

**How Rubini Once Broke His Collar Bone, But Finished the Performance.**

Fifty years ago European audiences listened with rapt admiration to Rubini, a tenor of whom it was said that, though he himself could not act, he made his voice act for him, says a writer in the Philadelphia Press. The intensity of expression he gave to his voice, the judicious use of the tremolo, and the management of light and shade produced a thrilling effect. But his best vocal feat consisted in taking the bass of the upper stave without preparation, thus retaining it for a long time, and then letting it imperceptibly die away. The listeners could hardly believe their ears. The adventurous are always on the edge of danger. On one occasion Rubini, after repeating this vocal feat, and being a second time encored, found himself unable to produce the expected note. Determined not to fail, he gathered up his vocal strength and made a supreme effort. The note came with its wonted power, brilliancy and duration, but at the cost of a broken collar bone. A surgeon examined the singer and found that the tension of the lungs had been too powerful for the strength of his collar bone. Two months' rest would be required to reunite the clavicle, and this the singer declared to be impossible, as he had only finished several days of a long engagement.

"Can I sing at all with a broken collar bone?" he asked.

"Yes; it will make no difference in your voice," answered the surgeon. "But you must avoid lifting heavy weights, and any undue exertion—above all, you must leave the B flat alone."

Rubini continued to sing with a broken clavicle until the termination of the engagement.

## SOME COMPARISONS.

We have been treated to any number of comparisons of the size of our pension-rolls with those of European Nation—with Germany's in particular. We have tried hard to get those papers which make these to go a few steps farther, and compare the fighting and service which those pensioners represent with the same class in Europe. All our efforts have been in vain, however There are some facts which those papers do not intend that their readers shall know if they can help it.

For example:

There were 2,772,408 enlistments in the Union army, and 132,610 in the navy, making a total of 2,905,018 in all, which was four times as many men as Germany sent into France in 1870—'71, and nearly five times as many men as ever England had at the front in any war. It is more than 100 times as many British troops as she had in the Waterloo campaign.

There were 110,070 Union soldiers known to have been killed on the field of battle, which is four times as many as the Germans lost in overrunning France, and about 30 times as many as England lost in the Waterloo campaign.

The Germans lost 3.1 per cent. of their men killed in the Franco-Prussian war; the Allies lost 3.2 per cent. killed in the Crimean war; the Austrians lost 2.6 per cent. killed in the war of 1866 with Prussia. The Union army lost 4.7 per cent. killed in the war of the rebellion; or over 50 per cent. more than any European nation has lost in any modern war since statistics have approached exactness.

The Union army lost in actually killed more than the entire force of the Allied armies of the French at Waterloo.

The most sanguinary battle in the Franco Prussian war was Gravelotte, where the Germans had about 150,000 men engaged, of whom 4.490 were killed or mortally wounded. The Union men had less than 70,000 men engaged at Gettysburg, and lost 5,291 men killed and mortally wounded. Thus, with less than half the number of men engaged the Union army lost more at Gettysburg than the German army in its bloodiest battle.

The war of the rebellion lasted four years, the Franco-Prussian war eight months, so that our fighting period was six times longer.

In the Franco Prussian war the Germans lost 85,482 wounded—not mortally—and the Union army lost 275,175 of the same class, or nearly four times as many.

*Altogether the pensioners of the United States represent more hard fighting than has been done by all the armies of Europe in three-quarters of a century, or since the close of the Napoleonic period.*

*They represent more men killed on the field of battle than England has lost, all told, in all the fighting she has done in 800 years since she has become a Nation*

Any proper comparison, then would be of our pension roll which the whole of the pension rolls of Europe, or with the whole amount that England has paid for pensions in the eight centuries of her history.

## EXCURSION TO BROOK PARK.

On account of the Union County Fair at Brook Park, near Lewisburg, Pa., Sept. 26th to 29th, 1893, the Pennsylvania R. R. Co., will sell excursion tickets to Brook Park Sept. 26th to 29th inclusive, good for return until Sept. 30th inclusive, at reduced rates.

Special return trains will be run Thursday and Friday, Sept. 28th and 29th, leaving Lewisburg 5.30 p. m., Brook Park at 5.35 p. m. for Glen Iron and intermediate points, arriving at Glen Iron 8.22 p. m.

Special trains will also be run Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th between Lewisburg and Brook Park every hour commencing at 10 o'clock a. m.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

—Secretary Edge, of the state board of agriculture, says the corn crop in the state this year will be a third less than the average on account of the drouth. The late potatoes will be half a crop.


*An Open Letter to Women.*

Laurel Ave., San Francisco, May 18, 1892.

"Dear friend of women:

"When my baby was born, five years ago, I got up in six days. Far too soon. Result: falling of the womb. Ever since I've been miserable.

"I tried everything: doctors, medicines, apparatus; but grew worse.

"I could hardly stand; and walking without support was impossible.

"At last I saw an advertisement of *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*, and decided to try it. The effect was astonishing. Since I took the first bottle my womb has not troubled me, and, thanks only to you, I am now well. Every suffering woman should know how reliable your compound is. It is a sure cure." —*Mrs. A. Detwiler.*

Yours for Health, Lydia E. Pinkham

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

*Liver Pills, 25 cents.*

# CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

# CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

# SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

# HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

# ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

**Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.**

# I KEEP COOL

inside, outside, and all the way through, by drinking

# HIRES' Root Beer

This great Temperance drink; is as healthful, as it is pleasant. Try it.

# DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE

# KEMP'S BALSAM

THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

# DR. THEEL,

538 North Fourth St., below Green, Philadelphia (EIN DEUTSCHER ARZT). After the self-styled great and famous specialists, the hospital and college professors and family physicians, and the different Quacks with their most wonderful discoveries have failed to cure you of Syphilis, Blood Poisons, Scrofula, Stricture, Ulcers, Sore Throat, Discharges, Boils, Swellings, Loss of Power and Decay, the Effects of Indiscretion, Debility, want of Confidence, Night Dreams, Shrunken Organs, Piles, Lost Manhood, Hydrocele, Rupture, CATARRH, then consult DR. THEEL, or send five 2-ct. stamps for book "*Truth*," exposing every form of quackery in medicine. Hours: Daily, 9 to 3; ev'gs, 6 to 8; Wed. and Sat. ev'gs, 6 to 10; Sundays, 9 to 12; afternoon, 2 to 6. Fresh cases cured in 4 to 10 days. Relief at once. Write or call. Utmost secrecy guaranteed. The best-equipped offices in America. AVOID home-cure swindle and free consultation and guarantees and cheap poisonous treatment; they are dangerous and misleading, and ruin thousands. Write or call.

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OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON D. C.


## RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 19, 1892.

| STATIONS | Dis | Westward A.M | A.M | P.M |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| LOCK HAVEN | | 4 40 | 9 25 | 4 15 |
| Flemington—f | 1.8 | 4 43 | 9 29 | 4 18 |
| Mill Hall | 3.0 | 4 46 | 9 31 | 4 21 |
| Beech Creek | 8.3 | 4 56 | 9 42 | 4 33 |
| Eagleville—f | 9.9 | 4 59 | 9 45 | 4 45 |
| Howard | 14.5 | 5 07 | 9 54 | 4 59 |
| Mt. Eagle—f | 17.7 | 5 14 | 10 02 | 4 57 |
| Curtin | 19.9 | 5 18 | 10 09 | 5 15 |
| Milesburg | 23.5 | 5 25 | 10 18 | 5 15 |
| BELLEFONTE | 25.2 | 5 35 | 10 28 | 5 25 |
| Milesburg | 23.5 | 5 45 | 10 38 | 5 38 |
| Snow Shoe Int | 24.8 | 5 48 | 10 43 | 5 43 |
| Unionville | 28.5 | 5 55 | 10 51 | 5 |
| Julian | 32.9 | 6 05 | 11 00 | 5 |
| Martha | 37.0 | 6 13 | 11 09 | 5 |
| Port Matilda | 40.4 | 6 21 | 11 17 | 6 |
| Hannah—f | 43.7 | 6 28 | 11 [illegible] | 6 |
| Fowler—f | 45.6 | 6 30 | [illegible] | 6 |
| Dix—f | 46.3 | 6 32 | 11 32 | 6 |
| Bald Eagle | 49.3 | 6 38 | 11 38 | 6 |
| Vail | 51.2 | 6 42 | 11 43 | 6 |
| East Tyrone | 53.0 | 6 46 | 11 48 | 6 |
| TYRONE | 54.8 | 6 52 | 11 55 | 6 |

| STATIONS | Dis | Eastward A.M | P.M | P.M |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| TYRONE | | 8 10 | 3 10 | 7 25 |
| East Tyrone | 1.8 | 8 17 | 3 17 | 7 32 |
| Vail | 3.1 | 8 20 | 3 20 | 7 35 |
| Bald Eagle | 5.0 | 8 25 | 3 24 | 7 39 |
| Dix—f | 8.0 | 8 30 | 3 30 | 7 45 |
| Fowler—f | 9.3 | 8 32 | 3 33 | 7 48 |
| Hannah—f | 10.6 | 8 36 | 3 37 | 7 52 |
| Port Matilda | 13.9 | 8 43 | 3 44 | 7 59 |
| Martha | 17.3 | 8 51 | 3 52 | 8 07 |
| Julian | 21.4 | 8 59 | 4 01 | 8 16 |
| Unionville | 25.8 | 9 10 | 4 10 | 8 25 |
| Snow Shoe Int | 29.5 | 9 18 | 4 17 | 8 32 |
| Milesburg | 30.8 | 9 22 | 4 20 | 8 35 |
| BELLEFONTE | 33.5 | 9 32 | 4 30 | 8 45 |
| Milesburg | 30.8 | 9 47 | 4 40 | 9 00 |
| Curtin | 34.4 | 9 56 | 4 46 | 9 07 |
| Mt Eagle—f | 36.6 | 10 02 | 4 50 | 9 15 |
| Howard | 39.8 | 10 09 | 4 57 | 9 22 |
| Eagleville—f | 44.4 | 10 17 | 5 15 | 9 30 |
| Beech Creek | 45.0 | 10 20 | 5 08 | 9 33 |
| Mill Hall | 51.3 | 10 31 | 5 19 | 9 44 |
| Flemington | 52.5 | 10 34 | 5 24 | 9 47 |
| LOCK HAVEN | 54.3 | 10 37 | 5 25 | 9 50 |

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.—Time Table in effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

| Westward Dis. | Stations | Dis. | Eastward A.M | P.M |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| P.M A.M | | | | |
| 4 50 10 00 | SCOTIA | 25.6 | 9 21 | 4 40 |
| 5 05 10 18 5.8 | Fairbrook | 20.3 | 9 09 | 4 25 |
| 5 15 10 28 8.7 | Penna. Furnace | 16.9 | 8 56 | 4 15 |
| 5 21 10 34 10.6 | Hostler f | 15.9 | 8 50 | 4 09 |
| 5 26 10 46 12.3 | Marengo f | 13.6 | 8 46 | 4 01 |
| 5 32 10 52 13.5 | Loveville f | 12.1 | 8 37 | 3 55 |
| 5 39 10 58 15.2 | Furnace Road f | 10.4 | 8 31 | 3 49 |
| 5 43 11 02 15.8 | Dungarvin f | 9.8 | 8 27 | 3 [illegible] |
| 5 53 11 10 18.2 | Warriors Mark | 7.4 | 8 19 | 3 38 |
| 6 03 11 20 20.5 | Pennington | 5.1 | 8 10 | 3 30 |
| 6 15 11 32 23.5 | Stover | 2.1 | 7 58 | 3 10 |
| 6 25 11 40 25.6 | TYRONE | | 7 50 | 3 18 |

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Dec. 19 1892.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.35 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.16 p m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.09 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.

Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

| Dis. Westward | | | | | Eastward | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | a.m. | p.m. | | | a.m. | a.m. | p.m |
| .0 | 5.45 | 2.00 | | MONTANDON | 5.30 | 9.10 | 4 55 |
| 1.5 | 6.18 | 2.08 | Ar. | LEWISBURG | Lv 5.20 | 9.00 | 4 47 |
| 1.5 | 6.15 | 2.08 | Lv. | LEWISBURG | Ar | 9.00 | 4.47 |
| 5.4 | 6.23 | 2.17 | | Biehl f | | 8.52 | 4.39 |
| 6.8 | 6.28 | 2.22 | | Vicksburg f | | 8.47 | 4.35 |
| 10.7 | 6.37 | 2.31 | | MIFFLINBURG | | 8.38 | 4.27 |
| 13.1 | 6.42 | 2.36 | | Barber f | | 8.33 | 4 22 |
| 15.2 | 6.47 | 2.41 | | Swengle f | | 8.27 | 4 17 |
| 16.1 | 7.50 | 2.43 | | Millmont | | 8.25 | 4.15 |
| 18.6 | 7.58 | 2.51 | | GLEN IRON | | 8.17 | 4 07 |
| 23.5 | 7.07 | 3.00 | | Pardee f | | 8.08 | 3.59 |
| 28.9 | 7.18 | 3.11 | | Cherry Run f | | 7.57 | 3.48 |
| 32.2 | 7.27 | 3.20 | | Paddy Mt. Tunnel f | | 7.48 | 3.40 |
| 33.9 | 7.31 | 3.23 | | Ingleby f | | 7.45 | 3.37 |
| 36.6 | 7.38 | 4.30 | | Coburn | | 7.38 | 3.30 |
| 39.6 | 7.45 | 4.37 | | Zerby f | | 7.30 | 3.23 |
| 43.4 | 7.55 | 4 47 | | Rising Springs | | 7.21 | 3.14 |
| 46.2 | 8.02 | 4 53 | | Penn's Cave f | | 7.14 | 3.07 |
| 49.2 | 8.09 | 4.01 | | CENTRE HALL | | 7.06 | 3.01 |
| 51.6 | 8.16 | 4.07 | | Gregg f | | 7.00 | 2.54 |
| 54.6 | 8.23 | 4.13 | | Linden Hall | | 6.52 | 2 47 |
| 56.7 | 8.24 | 4.18 | | OAK HALL | | 6.47 | 2 42 |
| 58.3 | 8.32 | 4.22 | | LEMONT | | 6.43 | 2 37 |
| 60.2 | 8.37 | 4.27 | | Dale Summit f | | 6.38 | 2 33 |
| 62.9 | 8.47 | 4.37 | | Pleasant Gap f | | 6.28 | 2 23 |
| 65.2 | 8.50 | 4.40 | | Axeman f | | 6.25 | 2 20 |
| 67.4 | 8.55 | 4.45 | | BELLEFONTE | | 6.20 | 2.15 |

For rates, maps, etc., call on ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt. P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. PREVOST, Ass't Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

| EASTWARD | | | | | WESTWARD | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12 | 10 | 8 | 1 | 2 | | 1 | 3 | 7 | 9 | 11 |
| pm | pm | pm | am | am | Ar—Lv | am | am | pm | pm | pm |
| 6 35 | | 3 50 | | 9 05 | Bellefont | 6 30 | | 10 30 | | 4 40 |
| 6 28 | | 3 44 | | 8 59 | Coleville | 6 37 | | 10 35 | | 4 45 |
| 6 25 | | 3 41 | | 8 56 | Morris | 6 40 | | 10 38 | | 4 48 |
| 6 22 | | 3 38 | | 8 52 | Whitmer | 6 44 | | 10 43 | | 4 51 |
| 6 19 | | 3 35 | | 8 49 | Linns | 6 47 | | 10 46 | | 4 54 |
| 6 17 | | 3 33 | | 8 47 | Hunters | 6 50 | | 10 48 | | 4 56 |
| 6 14 | | 3 31 | | 8 44 | Fillmore | 6 53 | | 10 52 | | 5 00 |
| 6 11 | | 3 28 | | 8 40 | Sellers | 6 57 | | 10 56 | | 5 03 |
| 6 09 | | 3 26 | | 8 38 | Briarly | 7 00 | | 10 58 | | 5 05 |
| 6 05 | 6 00 | 3 23 | 8 25 | 8 36 | Waddle | 7 05 | 7 10 | 11 01 | 5 10 | 5 10 |
| 6 02 | 5 50 | 3 20 | 8 20 | 8 30 | Mattern J | 7 08 | 7 14 | 11 03 | 5 13 | 5 12 |
| | 5 46 | | 8 17 | | Graysdale | 7 19 | | 5 16 | | |
| | 5 43 | | 8 12 | | Mattern | 7 24 | | 5 20 | | |
| | 5 40 | | 8 05 | | Stormstown | 7 29 | | 5 23 | | |
| | 5 35 | | 8 00 | | Red Bank | 7 35 | | 5 30 | | |
| 5 51 | | 3 08 | | 8 18 | Krumr'ne | 7 21 | | 11 13 | | 5 24 |
| 5 48 | | 3 05 | | 8 14 | Struble | 7 24 | | 11 17 | | 5 27 |
| 5 45 | | 3 00 | | 8 10 | St. College | 7 30 | | 11 20 | | 5 30 |

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.

THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 18th, 1892.

| | | WESTWARD. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ERIE MAIL | leaves Phila daily | | 11 20 p m |
| " | " Harrisburg | " | 3 33 a m |
| " | " William'port | " | 7 10 a m |
| " | " Jersey Shore | " | 7 31 a m |
| " | " Lock Haven | " | 7 55 a m |
| " | " Renovo | " | 8 55 a m |
| " | arrives Erie | " | 3 40 p m |
| NIAGRA EX. | l'ves Phila week d'ys | | 8 50 a m |
| " | " Harrsburg | " | 12 10 p m |
| " | arrives at Wmsport | " | 3 00 p m |
| " | " Lock Haven | " | 4 10 p m |
| " | " Renovo | " | 5 15 p m |
| " | " Kane | " | 9 20 p m |
| Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at | | | 5 15 p m |
| FAST LINE | leaves Phila. week days | | 11 40 a m |
| " | " Harrisburg | " | 3 45 p m |
| " | " Williamsport | " | 7 10 p m |
| " | arrives at Lock Haven | " | 8 02 p m |
| " | " Renovo | " | 9 00 p m |
| NEWS EX. | l'ves Philadelphia daily | | 4 30 a m |
| " | " Harrisburg | | 8 10 a m |
| " | " Williamsport | | 11 20 a m |
| " | arrives at Lock Haven | | 12 15 p m |
| Wms'port Ex. | l'ves Phila. week days | | 4 35 p m |
| " | " Harrisburg | | 7 55 p m |
| " | arrive Williamsport. | | 10 40 p m |
| Rochester Exp. | leaves Phila. w'k d's | | 9 20 p m |
| " | " Harrisb'g | | 12 30 a m |
| " | " arrives Williamsp't | | 3 25 a m |
| Williamsp't | " leaves Phila. Sun. only | | 2 25 p m |
| " | " Harrisb'g | | 5 25 p m |
| " | " arrives Williamsp't | | 8 35 p m |

EASTWARD.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sea Shore Express | l'vs L Haven w | 7 15 a m |
| " | " Jersey Shore. | 7 41 a m |
| " | " Wms'port | 8 15 a m |
| " | arrives at Harrisburg | 11 30 a m |
| " | " Philadelphia | 3 00 a m |
| DAY EX. | leaves Kane week days | 6 30 a m |
| " | " Renovo | 10 20 a m |
| " | " Lock Haven | 11 20 a m |
| " | " Williamsport | 12 30 p m |
| " | arrives at Harrisburg | 3 30 p m |
| " | " Philadelphia | 6 50 p m |
| ERIE MAIL | leaves Erie daily | 3 25 p m |
| " | " Renovo | 10 35 p m |
| " | " Lock Haven | 11 25 p m |
| " | " Williamsport | 12 25 p m |
| " | arrives at Harrisburg | 3 22 p m |
| " | " Philadelphia | 6 50 p m |
| EXP. NO. 6 | leaves Erie | 7 25 a m |
| " | " Kane | 11 10 a m |
| " | " leaves Renovo | 4 45 p m |
| " | " arrives at Harrisburg | 10 05 p m |
| " | " Philadelphia | 4 25 a m |
| WMS'PORT EXP. | lv. Wms'port | 8 25 a m |
| " | " arrives at Harrisburg | 6 10 a m |
| " | arrives at Philadelphia | 10 20 a m |
| Philada. Accom. | leaves Williamsp't | 4 00 p m |
| " | " Harrisburg | 7 30 p m |
| " | " arrives Philada. at | 10 55 p m |

Erie Mail West, Niagra Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with B. P. & W. N. N; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with B. V. R. R.

LSON Passenger Agent

# Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

| SPACE OCCUPIED. | 3m | 6m | 1y |
|---|---|---|---|
| One inch (12 lines this type) | $ 5 | $ 8 | $ 12 |
| Two inches | 7 | 10 | 15 |
| Three inches | 10 | 15 | 20 |
| Four inches | 11 | 17 | 25 |
| Quarter column | 12 | 20 | 30 |
| Half column | 20 | 35 | 55 |
| One column | 35 | 55 | 100 |

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash

EDWARD T. TUTEN.


## REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
DAVID NEWLIN FELL of Philadelphia.

FOR STATE TREASURER,
S. M. JACKSON, of Armstrong county.

## Republican County Ticket.

FOR SHERIFF,
JOHN F. HARTER, of Millheim.

FOR TREASURER,
R. T. COMLEY, of Union Twp.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
JAS. B. STROHM, of Potter Twp.,
M. F. RIDDLE, of Spring Twp.

FOR REGISTER,
J. E. RICKARDS, of Rush Twp.

FOR RECORDER,
J. L. HOLMES, of College Twp.

FOR CORONER,
DR. THOS. TOBIN, of Halfmoon.

FOR AUDITORS,
E. S. DORWORTH, of Bellefonte,
JNO. D. WAGNER, of Gregg Twp.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,
WM. H. SNYDER, of Liberty.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman. Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary. "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley. " "

| DISTRICT. | NAME. | ADDRESS. |
|---|---|---|
| Bellefonte, N W | W I. Fleming | Bellefonte |
| " S W | J A Aikens | " |
| " W W | S. H. Williams | " |
| Centre Hall boro | B F Brisbin | Centre Hall |
| Howard " | Robert Cooke Jr. | Howard |
| Milesburg " | John Confer | Milesburg |
| Millheim " | J F Harter | Millheim |
| Philipsburg " | 1 W S S Crissman | Philipsburg |
| " " | 2 Geo Lamb | Philipsburg |
| " " | 3 W Capt Harry Simler | " |
| South Philipsburg boro | M. Stover, | Philipsb'g |
| Unionville " | Riley Pratt | Fleming |
| Benner Twp | Jos. H Marshall | Bellefonte |
| Boggs Twp | E P J M Parker | Roland |
| Boggs Twp | W P C P Stonerode | Milesburg |
| Boggs Twp | N P Jacob Yarnell | Milesburg |
| Burnside Twp | Delon G. Stewart | Mosbannon |
| College Twp | E P Wm Thompson Jr | Lemont |
| College Twp | W P Philip D Foster | State Coll. |
| Curtin " | William Robb | Romola |
| Ferguson Twp | E P Claudius B Hess | Fairbrook |
| Ferguson " | J A Sunday | |
| Gregg " | N P Isaac Smith | Farmers Mills |
| Gregg " | S P John D Long | Spring Mills |
| Gregg " | E P Jos. K. Bitner. | Penn Hall |
| Haines " | E P Chas Bressler | Fiedler |
| Halees " | W P James P Coburn | Aaronsb'g |
| Half Moon " | Cyrus W Hunter | Stormstown |
| Harris " | Scott Bricker | Boalsburg |
| Howard " | N. G. Pletcher | Howard |
| Huston " | Ira F Davis | Julian |
| Liberty " | D M Burlew | Blanchard |
| Marion " | E P Bennison | Walker |
| Miles " | Ruben Golmen | Wolfs Store |
| Patton " | George F Stevenson | Buf'lo Run |
| Penn " | Same Rearick | Coburn |
| Potter Twp | N P Andrew Gregg. | Centre Hall |
| Potter " | S P Alexander McCoy | Pot'rs Mills |
| Rush " | N P David Kinkead | Philipsburg |
| Rush " | S P Alexander Miller | Sandy Ridge |
| SnowShoe | E P Alfred Lucas | SnowSnow |
| SnowShoe | W P John A Yeager | Moshannon |
| Spring Twp | N P John G Dubbs | Bellefonte |
| Spring " | S P M F Riddle | Pleasant Gap |
| Spring " | W P W H Poorman | Bellefonte |
| Taylor " | John Weaver | Port Matilda |
| Union " | B W Shipley | Fleming |
| Walker " | O P Wilson | Hublersburg |
| Worth " | S R. Pringle | Fort Matilda |

## EDITORS TABLE.

### THE PATENT-MEDICINE BUSINESS.

LIGHT has been let into the patent-medicine business by a recent lawsuit in the English courts, wherein one Alabone, the proprietor of a specific, sued one Morton, his former manager, for stealing his ideas and testimonials and setting up an opposition trade. Alabone is an M. D. from Pennsylvania; Morton made no pretence of being a doctor. As has happened before in such cases, the ingredients of the Alabone consumption cure and its bogus nature came out in the trial, as did the qualities of some of the affidavits of cure. Alabone won his suit, but the judge in giving judgment in his favor suggested the propriety of having both the parties prosecuted for infringement of the Apothecaries' Act. The London *Times* suggests that the real victory in the case is with the public, which may profit by the disclosures made in the course of the trial as to the worthlessness of nostrums. But the mainstay of the patent-medicine gentlemen is people who do not concern themselves very much about the law reports. What they want is something to take, and they take that which is offered with the most persistence and recommended in the largest type. However worthless any particular patent medicine may be, it is nobody's business to make that worthlessness public, whereas it is the particular business of the proprietor that the medicine shall be systematically cracked up and put upon the market. The true way to kill off a patent medicine is not to demonstrate that it is of no value, but to invent a new one and advertise it in bigger letters. The above is taken from *Harper's Weekly* published by Harper & Brothers Franklin Square New York. It is one of the best library and pictorial papers published in the world,

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

The only White House mistress to permit the opening of its parlors and conservatories to the public, regardless of days, was Mrs. Patterson, the daughter of President Johnson, who is at present living in Tennessee, and of whom a pleasant sketch, with portrait, is given in the September *Ladies' Home Journal*. This with much other valuable reading matter on various subjects and by various writers makes this number one of the most interesting that has been issued. Altogether this September JOURNAL with the seashore cover by W St. John Harper and its attractive table of contents, is worth many times its price of ten cents. Published by The Curtis Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, for ten cents per number and one dollar per year.

IT IS THE BEST SYSTEM.

The text book record and rules issued by O S Brown and published by the GAZETTE AND BULLETIN, is the most comprehensive complete and useful method ever offered and accepted by teachers. With this record it is an easy matter for teachers to keep track of text books with an accuracy not otherwise to be secured. The secretary's record book is another complete and useful book, in which an account is kept of supplies issued to teachers, school board bills of purchases, etc. Any one desiring information regarding these books should address Mr. O S Brown, Williamsport, Pa., who will gladly answer all questions.

KONSHT DU DEITSCH LESA?

The Pennsylvania "Dutch" book "Boonastell." containing over one hundred subjects, is now in the market. It is the first volume of prose ever printed in this dialect, and is a combination of fun and philosophy peculiar to the language and most pleasing to those who speak it Sold only by subscription. Send $1.50 for sample copy. Agent wanted for this county Address the author, T H HARTER, Editor *Post*, Middleburg, Pa.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for October will contain the first of Edwin Lord Week's articles on the journey across Persia which he undertook last year with the late Theodore Child. The illustrations, made by Mr. Weeks from his sketches, are unusually attractive. In the same number of the MAGAZINE is an article by Carl Schurz on the "Manifest Destiny" of the United States, and an entertaining description of "Undergraduate Life at Oxford," by Richard Harding Davis.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

Why! What can it be, but suffering and sorrow, disease and death, if you neglect the symptoms of a disordered liver? Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It outsells all other remedies. Sold under condition that it must either benefit or cure the patent, or the money paid for it will be promptly returned. It cures all diseases arising from deranged liver, or from impure blood, as billiousness, "liver complaint," all skin and scalp diseases, salt-rheum, tetter, scrofulous sores and swellings, fever-sores, hip-joint disease and kindred ailments.

The leading feature of HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 23d is the first half of a two-part serial by Charles Egbert Craddock, entitled "The Moonshiners at Hoho-heebee Falls." The attractive department of Music and Drama, edited by Reginald DeKoven, is resumed; yachting receives a due share of attention in illustration and text, and T. de Thulstrap and W A Rogers contribute striking full-page impression of the World's Fair. The methods of looking after the unemployed in the West, San Francisco's coming Midwinter Fair, and the great athletic meeting in Chicago are subjects which also enrich and diversify an unusually attractive number.

HARD TIMES PAST.

The country probably never before experienced such a hard panic with so little general effect on business, and the country has never been in as good condition as it is in to-day. The demand for articles of known purity and quality has been steadily increasing instead of decreasing. So it is with the rye whiskies bottled by Max Klein. The public know that the Silver Age, Duquesne and Bear Creek ryes are the best in the country. They know that doctors recommend them; that as a stimulant they are unsurpassed. They are for sale by all first class hotels and dealers at $1.50, $1.25 and $1.00 per quart respectively. Sold by S. Shloss, Williamsport, Pa.


## Hood's Cures

*Mrs. John Fenton*

**Dyspepsia, Intense Misery**

"No pen can describe the suffering I endured ten years from **Dyspepsia.** I had almost **Given up Hope** of ever being any better when I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I **am entirely cured** and advise anyone suffering from dyspepsia to try

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

The truth of this statement I am **glad to verify at any time.**" MRS. JOHN FENTON, 67 Pride Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**Hood's Pills** are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25c.


## A Lady Barber.

### The Gentler Sex the Finest Tonsorial Artists.

THE BEST REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ART IN THIS COUNTRY.

Some Things She Has to say Which Make Interesting Reading.

If there is anything which a woman is calculated to do better than a man, it is in the care of and attention to the hair. Her natural skill and taste make her pre-eminently man's superior. This explains the great popularity of Mrs. C. V. Wentworth, who stands easily the foremost tonsorial artist in this country.

Seen at her tonsorial parlors, at 5 Main Street, Waterville, Maine, she said:

"I am well and strong again now. For the past two years my health has been so poor I could not do my work, could not walk across the house, in fact. I got so feeble that the best doctors in this city said if I went to sleep on my left side I would never wake again.

I heard of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy and thought I would try it, and when I had taken one bottle I was very much better. I have taken four bottles of this remarkable medicine and it has done me more good than any medicine I ever took.

"I am now able to do my work and have gained twenty-five pounds in weight. I cannot say enough in its praise."

MRS C. V. WENTWORTH.

The singular thing is that all the doctors in the city gave Mrs. Wentworth up as incurable, saying that she could not possibly live. Now that they have seen the wonders performed by this great and valuable medicine, there is no doubt that they are prescribing and giving Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy for every disease. It certainly cures more diseases than any other remedy ever discovered and physicians and druggists are recommending it all over the country as the best of all medicines—the ideal remedy, in fact, to invigorate the blood, strengthen the nerves and start up a healthy action of the liver, kidneys and bowels.

Use this remedy now and it will make you strong and well—in fact put you in perfect health again. It is purely vegetable and harmless and druggists keep it for $1.00. It is the prescription and discovery of the famous physician, Dr. Greene of 35 W. 14th Street, New York, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases and he can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

LATEST HORROR IN THE SOUTH.

NEW ORLEANS.—The negroes are massing at Camp Parapet and arming with the intention of slaughtering the white people in that section. The whites in the rear near the swamps have been served notice to leave and many have abandoned their homes.

The negroes are aroused by the triple lynching of the three negro brothers named Roselius for shielding a fourth brother, Julian Roselius, who shot Judge Victor Estopinal to death while the latter was trying him for a trivial offense, seriously wounded the judge's son and then made good his escape. The mob also kicked to death a young negro named John Willis for refusing to expose Julian's hiding place.

The shooting occurred in the court room, and the murderer continued firing until the judge, who followed too close in upon him, fell mortally wounded immediately outside. The negro then stood over his victim and fired a fourth shot. Officer Korber ran to assist the judge and the negro made a dash across the grounds for his cabin. Just at this time August Estopinal, a son of the murdered official who is employed as a conductor on the Carrolton road, was coming in from his work and he gave chase to the man whom he had just seen murder his father.

The negro reached his cabin and coming out fired two shots at the young man, who sought safety in a house. The negro provided himself with ammunition and a Winchester rifle. The negro made for the swamps in the rear of the city and was soon hiding. Posses were immediately organized and the surrounding country was scoured, but the searching was fruitless.

The mother, two brothers and two sisters of the negro Roselius were arrested at the Black ridge in the rear of the city by the city police and taken to the little jail. Another brother was arrested later in the day in the same neighborhood and taken to the same jail. They had been caught aking food and a shirt to the murderer. A mob unlocked the jail to hang the five, but finally hung the three brothers, as they refused to tell where their brother was hidden. The mob then kicked to death John Willis for refusing to tell where Julian Roselius was.

The murderer is still at liberty.


Carry the news to Mary,
And, pray, be not too long,
For she is fast declining,
And, surely, 'twould be wrong—
not to tell her of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. We do want Mary to know, in some way or other, that this world-famed remedy will cure her beyond any doubt! It's just the medicine for young womanhood, and thousands has it bridged over that perilous sea.

From every State, from every city, from nearly every neighborhood in this broad land, comes the grateful acknowledgement of what it has done and is doing for our daughters. The only medicine for the distressing and painful irregularities and weaknesses of woman, sold with a *positive guarantee* to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. In other words, sold *on trial!*

Do you want to stop using Tobacco, Liquor or Opium? Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets sold by all druggists will cure you.


HOW COCHRAN SECURED THE GOLD FROM THE MINT VAULTS.

PHILADELPHIA,—The theft of $134,000 worth of gold bullion from the Philadelphia mint was discovered in the following manner:

Secretary Carlisle had hardly issued his order directing that the bullion in the several mints of the country be coined than Cochran, who was in charge of the reserve vault in the Philadelphia mint, became uneasy—so much so, in fact, that he mentioned the matter to several of the employes of the Philadelphia mint, intimating that the gold would not be found intact when the vault should be opened and the gold reweighed.

He did not, however, confine himself to mere protestations to the employes of the Philadelphia mint, but on Sept. 7 went to Washington and visited Acting Director of the Mint Preston at his residence in that city. He endeavored to persuade Mr. Preston to have the secretray countermand the order for coining the bullion in the Philadelphia mint and to ship the coin from the New York sub-streasury for that purpose.

Mr. Preston informed him that the order could not be revoked. The unusual zeal displayed by Mr. Cochran in the matter aroused suspicion in Mr. Preston's mind, and when the shortage was discovered, suspicion, of course, pointed to Weigh Clerk Cochran.

Chief Drummond, of the secret service of the United States, was at once communicated with and immediately began work on the case. The result was that Mr. Cochran made a full confession to Chief Drummond and Mr. Preston.

He stated that for the last eight or ten years he had been abstracting buillion bars from the vault. During that time he had taken $34,000 worth. Within the last ten days he had taken $100,000 worth.

The method he employed was substantially this:

By means of a crooked wire he pulled the bullion bars from the top of a pile where they were placed crosswise, like railroad ties. When they fell upon the floor he would by means of this hook, pull the bars to the iron latticed door, the bottom of which was a little loose on one side the bolts having rusted.

By pushing the door inward on this side the bar of gold could easily be removed. His habit was to do this stealing before the employes of the mint came to their work in the morning. As the gold bars only weigh twelve to fifteen pounds each, he could carry them home secreted in his lunch basket.

In this way he took out of the vault and carried away $34,000 of gold bullion. By means of the same hook and in the same way he took out of the vault within the last ten days $100,000 in gold bullion. Instead of removing this from the mint building, however, he secreted it in the ventilator loft, where it was found after he made his confession, he himself showing the officials its hiding place.

Mr. Cochran is under $10,000 bond and lives in a house in the suburbs of Philadelphia said to be worth $50,000 so that with the amount of money already recovered—$100,000 at the mint and $7,000 at his home—it is believed the government can make up the difference between the $134-000 stolen and the $107,000 recovered from his property and his bondsmen together.

A feature of Cochran's management of his department was his peculiar transactions some years ago, previous to Colonel Bosbyshell's superintendency, as a buyer of old metal As deposit weigher it was part of his duties to receive old gold and silver, in the shape of wornout ornaments and utensils from dealers or others who might offer it to the government, weigh it after melting and may pay to the sellers the market value of the precious metal contained in the goods, which thus became bullion belonging to the government.

A former employe of the mint asserts that for years Cochran did a private business over the deposit weigher's counter as a dealer in gold and silver jewelry and other articles, which he rescued from the old metal offered the government, paying the government price to the seller out of his own pocket and selling again at a profit to himself. The attention of Colonel Bosbyshell was called to the statement last night, and he declared that while he had been aware of such transactions occurring some years ago, he had put an end to all such practices when he was appointed superintendent.

The news of Cochran's fall was a great surprise to his friends. It was the current opinion among those of the employes who gathered at the mint Saturday that old "Henry" was out of his mind.

They describe him as an immense, fat, talkative man, sixty-three years old, with a laugh that was ready to explode on the slightest provocation. He was a "grass widower," his wife having obtained a divorce from him years ago.

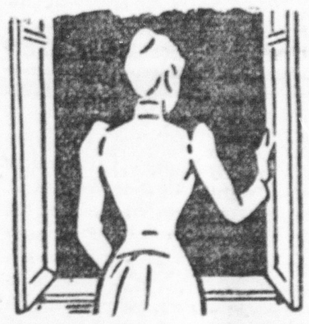
The mint employes say Cochran was at times very free with his money. He owned six trotting horses.

It is possible that he will be arraigned to-day before United States Commissioner Bell on a charge of robbing the Philadelphia mint of $26,576 worth of gold. Chief Inspector Drummond went to Washington Saturday to get instructions from Acting Mint Director Preston, and when he returned Saturday night he had a conference with one of the assistants of United States District Attorney Ingham. Chief Drummond said that he was not in a position to say whether or not the government would prosecute Cochran, but declared that he would recommend the abandonment of the case in the event of complete restitution being made. "He is old and feeble and has done good service in the mint," Chief Drummond said, "that I do not believe that he is altogether responsible for his actions."

A dispatch from Washington says that Secretary Carlisle was greatly relieved when told that most of the stolen gold had been recovered. In speaking of the matter Acting Director of the Mint Preston said that in view of Cochran's age, his long and faithful service, and his strict integrity up to the time he began to take the gold and the doubt as to his entire mental responsibility, together with the frankness of his confession and the fullness of his restitution, it is doubtful whether the treasury officials will seek to put him behind the bars for a few years likely to remain him. This, however, is really a question for the district attorney at Philadelphia, so that the officers of the treasury are unwilling to express an opinion as to what should be or shall be done.

It will be necessary to sue Cochran's bondsmen to the amount of their obligations to the government. Mr. Preston told the private secretary of Secretary Carlisle that he was informed by Colonel Bosbyshell that the bondsmen were fully able to pay, although he did not bring back the names. Mr. Preston also said that sorry as he was that Cochran should be proved the guilty one, he was pleased on account of Colonel Bosbyshell, who was likely to be relieved by the restitution of Cochran from his technical responsibility for the missing gold.

United States Commissioner Bell this afternoon issued a warrant for the arrest of Henry S. Cochran, charging him, upon oath of Superintendent O. C. Bosbyshell, with "fraudulently embezzling thirty gold bars committed to his charge for the purpose of being coined from the mint of the United States; said gold bars being the property of the United States of America. The warrant was served by the United States marshall and Cochran will be given a hearing before Commissioner Bell.

*WHEN IT LOOKS DARK*

to any weak or ailing woman, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to her help. For "female complaints" of every kind, periodical pains, internal inflammation or ulceration, bearing-down sensations, and all chronic weaknesses and derangements, this is the remedy. It's the *only* one so sure that it can be *guaranteed.* If it doesn't benefit or cure, in the case of every tired or afflicted woman, she'll have her money back.

The "Prescription" builds up and invigorates the entire female system. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

Nothing else, though it may be better for a tricky dealer to sell, can be "just as good" for you to buy.

IT CURES CATARRH in the Head—perfectly and permanently—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

**The Repair Shop of the Human System is the**

**LIVER.**

**If it is Kept Active HEALTH will result IF NOT—DISEASE.**

**Manners**

**DOUBLE EXTRACT**

**SARSAPARILLA**

**Cures Liver Troubles by cleansing the blood Through the Bowels, the Natural Channel, and not through the Skin, thus driving out all Impurities.**

**50¢ PER BOTTLE.**

THE WORLD OVER.

MFD BY THE MANNERS SARSAPARILLA CO. BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

**Not what we say,** but what **the people say** is what sells DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. **Be sure it is made in Belfast, Maine.**

WM. O. TALPEY.

**CATARRH, DYSPEPSIA, AND SUNSTROKE CURED!**

WE WILL GIVE $500.00 TO THE MANUFACTURER OF ANY SARSAPARILLA THAT CAN SHOW SUCH A CURE. WHICH ONE WILL TRY? WE WAIT AN ANSWER.

PLEASANT ST.,
HALLOWELL, ME.,
DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.,

*Gentlemen:*—I have had the **CATARRH** for over ten years as badly as **THE** any man could have it. All these years I was troubled with **DYSPEPSIA,** so much so I had to be very careful what I eat.

In addition to the above, five years ago I had a **SEVERE SUNSTROKE.**

I read about DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, and de**KIND**termined to try it. After taking **three bottles** of DANA'S SARSAPARILLA I was **COMPLETELY CURED** of both the **CATARRH** and **DYSPEPSIA,** and all the lasting effects of my **SUNSTROKE VANISHED.**

I am 74 years old, and now am a **well THAT man again.** I heartily recommend DANA'S SARSAPARILLA to any person suffering as I have been. Respectfully,

WM. O. TAPLEY.

HALLOWELL, ME., July 28, '91.

I can heartily vouch for the **absolute truth** of the above testimonial. **CURES**

H. NOEL STEVES, Merchant.
Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

**$40.00** Worth of Music for **$1.50**

The **New York Musical Echo,** the handsomest musical publication in the world, contains the best selection of music, both vocal and instrumental, ever published. Each month contains 32 pages of music, full sheet music size, and a life size portrait of some beautiful actress on the cover. Keep the Echoes together and you will have a grand portfolio of music.

MONTHLY, 15 cts.; YEARLY, $1.50 postpaid. Subscribe at once so as to get all the pretty pieces we are publishing. Address,

**New York Musical Echo Co.,**
Broadway Theatre Building, NEW YORK CITY.

**PIANO Tuning and Repairing.**

**J. J. LEJEAL,**

Of Erie, Pa., will be here fore part of October. Orders left at Bush House will receive prompt attention. 24-35-tf


ORPHANS' COURT SALE ESTATE OF LUCY ANN ECKLEY. Pursuant to an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre County there will be exposed to public sale on the premises in Huston Township, on Saturday, September 30th, 1893, at 1 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, late of Lucy Ann Eckley, situated in said Township of Huston, at Locust Mills, about two miles East of Martha Furnace, bounded and described as follows: on the North by Bald Eagle Creek; on the East by land of Hayes Hartsock's Heirs; on the South by land of Hartsock's Heirs; and on the West by land of Hartsock's Heirs or a road; containing two acres, more or less.

The improvements are a two-story frame dwelling house stable and other out buildings.

TERMS OF SALE: One-half the purchase money to be paid in cash upon confirmation of sale, and the remaining one-half in one year thereafter. The deferred payment to bear interest and to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

A. A. DALE.
24-35-3t Trustee.


**GOLD INVESTMENT.**

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## SAVED A LIFE.

**How an American Boy Won Fame at a French School.**

SUPPER was over in the college of Sainte Barbe. The lessons for the next day were all prepared, and the boys were getting ready for bed. A merry lot they were in the preparatory department this year; nearly all were French, of course, with here and there a little Englishman fromacross the channel, and in one of the beds in the long dormitory slept a small representative of our own republic, Frank Harrington, whose parents had left him to receive his winter's schooling at Sainte Barbe, while they were traveling abroad. Frank was a great favorite among the boys—bright, overflowing with fun and full of American grit. They admired the little fellow's courage and daring, and that fine sense of honor which is born in the breast of every true American boy. And Frank Harrington, if the truth must be told, rather enjoyed all this admiration, and was not a little proud of being a leader among the French boys.

At the extreme end of the dormitory stood the bed of the only boy who refused to acknowledge the reign in the preparatory school of *"le petit Americain,"* as Frank was called. A proud, haughty nature had Louis de Chaves, the last of a long line of titled ancestors, faithful followers of the Bourbons, and hating with an inherited hatred all that savored of republicanism. Although younger than Frank by several years, he seemed to have taken an instinctive dislike to the careless, happy-hearted boy, and more than once had succeeded in bringing him into disgrace.

It had been a holiday, and the boys had been having a very jolly time, so being unusually tired to-night they were unusually subdued and, after a whispered word or two about the games of the day, went quietly to sleep. Gradually the few noises about the college ceased, until the ticking of the clocks could be heard through all the buildings. Outside, the streets of Paris grew more and more deserted, and the lonely footsteps of the *sergeants de ville* were the only sounds which broke the stillness of the night.

Frank Harrington had played a little too hard that day, or his supper, somewhat better than usual on account of the holiday, had disagreed with him, for he was very restless, and started many times in his sleep, until at last his eyes opened wide and would not close again. It was very still. Frank was unused to being awake in the night, and it seemed to him he had never felt anything more oppressive than the silence of the room, and the regular breathing of the sleeping boys. The moon shone in full through the window just above his head, and threw long shadows over the floor, which he fancied took queer forms and shapes around him. The great hall clock struck two, and he started, so loud it sounded through the room. At last, however, he grew sleepy, and was just beginning to doze comfortably off, when he saw a small, white-robed figure coming slowly toward his bed. Now Frank had been a little nervous for some time, though he wouldn't have admitted it for the world, and his heart gave a bound, and for a moment he held his breath, then the figure stepped into the moonlight, and he saw that it was Louis de Chaves. His eyes were closed,

LOUIS STOOD FOR A MOMENT.

and Frank saw instantly that he was walking in his sleep. He felt a little ashamed of his fear a moment before, especially as he had often heard the other boys say that Louis was a sleepwalker.

"It is always he," he thought, petulantly. "I would be real happy here if it wasn't for this miserable little royalist." Louis stood for a moment, as if hesitating, and then turning walked slowly along the length of the dormitory. Frank watched him curiously until he saw him reach the door, when, to his surprise, Louis opened it and passed out, closing it quietly after him. Frank's first impulse was to spring out of bed and follow him. "He will come to some harm," he thought. "The stairs are just outside." Then came a selfish thought. "It is cold. He wouldn't do it for me." Five minutes later Frank Harrington was fast asleep.

Every morning at half past five the bell of Sainte Barbe rouses the students of the college. A half an hour later it is rung for prayers. But the hands of the clock pointed to twenty-five minutes to six, and one after another the boys awakened, wondering what ailed the punctual old bell, that had never failed in its duty since their grandfathers were babies. They were not left long, however, in suspense. Through the long corridors one of the under professors noiselessly passed. With his finger on his lip commanding silence, he beckoned to the frightened boys who quickly gathered round him, and in low, hurried tones told them why the bell had not been rung. In the dim gray light of dawn, one of the professors, looking from his window, had seen little Louis de Chaves sitting on the edge of the eaves which ran along the French roof of the further building, his feet swinging over the terrible height, and his whole attitude showing him to be asleep. The windows above him were securely grated, so that the only way he could possibly have reached this position was to have climbed out of the window at which the professor was standing, walked over the roof below, and crossed a narrow ledge which ran between the two buildings. The professor stood for a moment horror-stricken, then rushed with the alarming news to the head of the college, who commanded that the bell should not be rung, and sent immediately for the nearest *mairie* for assistance, and so perfect is the police system of Paris that, by the time the boys had hurriedly pulled on their clothes and collected outside the building, beds and hay were piled on the ground, policemen were stationed at the two streets running into the Rue de Reims to prevent persons, or vehicles, from passing, and others were ranged all along the walls to maintain the perfect silence which was absolutely necessary, for everyone knew that any sound awakening the little sleeper would be instantaneous death by causing him to fall from his

SLOWLY HE NEARED THE PLACE.

dangerous position down the fearful number of feet which lay between him and the ground.

The question now arose as to how the boy was to be saved. There seemed but one way; to take out the grating as quietly as possible from the window above, and let some one down to him by a rope.

But who would undertake so hazardous a thing? All held back afraid. They knew that one false step, or the least want of steadiness would hurl the unconscious boy to the ground.

Frank Harrington, too, heard the reason told in whispered tones why the bell was silent. He stood now among the group of frightened boys, his eyes fixed in horror on the helpless figure so far above him, for he knew that he had held in his hand the night before the life of Louis de Chaves and had thrown it away as worthless.

He stood dazed and shuddering, until he heard them wondering around him who would be brave enough to try to save Louis. Then he started forward: "I will go. Oh! let me try. I am sure can save him," he whispered, earnestly. The permission was granted, and a few minutes later all below were held spellbound as Frank appeared at the window, and cautiously began his descent toward the spot to which all eyes were lifted.

Three policemen held the rope, which was fastened just below his arms. Slowly he neared the place, he reached it, he clasped the sleeping boy firmly around the waist. A struggle as the little fellow awoke, and then, as the two boys were carefully drawn up again, cheer upon cheer echoed up and down the street for Louis de Chaves and *"le petit Americain."* And when, a moment later, the great bell pealed forth to summon them to prayers, all knelt with softened, grateful hearts around the young royalist and the brave boy who had saved his life and gained his friendship.—Katherine Hamilton, in American Agriculturist.

### A Doubtful Story.

A Norwegian living in the sixteenth century was accounted a masterhand at minute contrivances. In proof of this it is recorded that he made sixteen thousand dishes of turned ivory, in every respect without a flaw, and so tiny that all of them could be safely cradled in an empty pepper-corn cup of usual size. One may well believe that, as was written in connection, "magnifying-glasses were essential to full belief and enjoyment of the Lilliputian show;" it is added that the fairy-like workmanship was the admiration of many learned men.—Harper's Bazar.

### An Honest Man.

Great Lawyer (in cross-examination)—Huh! You consider the prisoner an honest man, do you?

Witness—An honester man never lived.

Great Lawyer (superciliously)—Will you kindly state on what you base that remarkable opinion?

Witness (hotly)—On the fact that he once tried to be lawyer, and failed.—Good News.

—Taking His Breath Away.—Miss Simper—"Aren't things much cheaper this year than they were last year?" Calloway—"Yes, indeed. I only pay one-half as much for my neckties. The difference is so great that now (smiling) I could easily afford to get married." Miss Simper—"Oh, Mr. Calloway, this is so sudden!"—Clothier and Furnisher.

## CHASED BY AN ENGINE.

**An Engineer's Story of a Wild Railroad Ride.**

**Making a Mile a Minute to Escape Death in Hot Pursuit—Why One Engineer Is Looking for a Daylight Run.**

"WELL, yes," said the engineer, puffing contentedly upon his pipe and gazing with loving pride at his engine as it stood in the yard near the Union depot, waiting for its train, "we do see some very strange sights along the road after dark, but whether a night run makes a man superstitious or not I would not like to say. I had a peculiar experience myself on the mountain some years ago, one which led me to ask for a day run, although I didn't get it. At that time I was taking the fast line east, leaving here about eight o'clock in the evening and getting into Altoona a little after midnight. That night we pulled out of the union depot half an hour late, the Pan Handle connection being that much behind time.

"The first section, which I took out, consisted mostly of baggage and express cars, there being but two passenger coaches coupled on behind. The sleepers were on the second section, which followed us about twenty minutes later. You know how wild and lonely the country is along the Pittsburgh division, and that outside of Greensburg and Johnstown there's no settlement worth mentioning.

"When we reached the narrows east of Blairsville intersection a rainstorm set in. The wind howled through the forest and blew a regular gale, the occasional crash of a falling tree on the mountain above showing how the storm was raging. Jack, my fireman, got scared and begged me to stop the train for fear we would run into a log or a landslide.

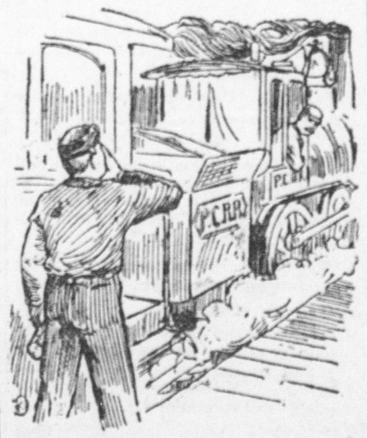
"I didn't dare to do it, for as I said before, we left Pittsburgh half an hour late, and so far had not made up one minute, and besides it wouldn't do to get on the time of the second section. I shut off steam a little so that in case we should strike anything we would not be likely to roll down the rocks into the Conemaugh river.

"We passed through the Pack Saddle all right, however, and reached Johnstown near midnight. This was years before the great flood, and I was glad when we came in sight of the furnace fires and electric lights of the iron works, for somehow I felt nervous and out of sorts.

"When we got away from Johnstown and began to climb up the mountain we were again in the wilderness, for, as you know, the stretch of track on the western slope between Cresson and Johnstown runs through about as desolate a section as you would find anywhere. We were the only crew on the hill that night, and I said to Jack that there must be a block on the westbound track on the other side of the mountain, for we usually passed half a dozen trains of empty coal cars after leaving Johnstown.

"Well, we found there had been a landslide near Allegrippus when we reached Gallitzen, but it had been cleared away, and three west-bound extras had already reached the summit. It takes three engines to bring up an ordinary freight from Altoona, two in front and one behind. The two helpers are cut off at the top of the mountain and run back light to Altoona for another trip.

"When we reached the summit, therefore, there were six empty engines waiting to follow us down. 'You want



"YOU WANT TO KEEP A MOVE ON."

to keep a move on,' one of the freight engineers yelled to me as we rolled slowly by, 'we're going to chase you down into Altoona yard ahead of the second section.'

"I laughed, and when my train got fairly over the summit and began to slide down the grade, shut off steam. I knew the engines which would follow us would be kept far enough in the rear by the signal men in the towers. We soon plunged into the tunnel and rattled along at a lively gait, with that clickety-clack of the wheels which makes it plain to everyone that the train is running down grade by its own weight.

"I kept the air on pretty closely and so held the train under control, for if the brakes failed to work when needed going down there it would be good-by John when the first curve was reached. I got to thinking of that as we swung down the track that night and fell to wondering what it would look like to see an engine or car roll down the mountain to the bottom, hundreds of feet below.

"The air was misty, the rain having ceased, but now and then a gust of wind would blow away the fog and for an instant the mountain tops and sides could be seen. Then the fog would fall again and shut out everything, so that the track right ahead could not be seen.

"Just above Allegrippus, at the point where the track bends around and runs down to the Horseshoe bend, is a signal tower, and below the curve is another. We got the white at the upper tower, and, reducing the speed, rolled on.

"A gust of wind blew away the fog just as we were rounding the bend, and the wild mountain scenery was clearly outlined against the darkness. We moved slowly down to the curve, for the rules were very strict about keeping control of the train along there. We rounded the Horseshoe and put on a little steam to get back to a fair speed again.

"Jack was sitting in the cabin half asleep, for the fireman has a rest on a down grade. I saw ahead the clear signal at the Kittanning Point tower. Something made me turn my head and look across the valley to the other side, from which we had just come.

"As I gazed the mist cleared away and suddenly a headlight flashed into view and an engine was outlined against the sky beyond. In a second it disappeared, but a rattle and roar and a faint light as from an open furnace door told me that a locomotive was coming down the mountain at a terrific speed.

"The course of the engine was then nearly parallel with that of ours, but I knew that a moment later it would skim around the curve and be right behind. For an instant I was almost paralyzed with surprise and fear. The idea of an empty engine dashing down a grade in your rear with a speed four times that of your own is something to benumb one's brain.

"A person accustomed to act upon the impulse of a moment does so almost unconsciously, and in this instance I threw off the brakes and put on a full head of steam, even while my eyes were fixed on the engine behind.

A HEADLIGHT FLASHED INTO VIEW.

My engine gave a jump, and I knew that in less time than it takes to tell it we would be making a mile a minute.

"If the engineer of the helper was running rapidly but carefully under the impression that we were far ahead, the danger signal at the tower would warn him and he would stop, but if he had lost control of his engine—I thought of the high embankments ahead and trembled as the idea of rolling down the mountain again came into my brain.

"The wild and prolonged tooting of a whistle sounded in the rear, and re-echoed again and again through the valleys. I knew what that meant—the engine was beyond the engineer's control. We had at least a mile start. Could we with six cars hope to escape an engine without burden?

"One thing was in our favor. The helper was a locomotive built for great power but slow running, and therefore its small driving wheels must already be revolving at a dangerous speed. Possibly it might jump the track, and so put an end to the threatening calamity.

"I gritted my teeth in agony. A short distance ahead was a deep cut, and then a high embankment; if we passed that point part of the danger would be over. We whizzed down the track faster than I ever rode before or since. A rumble and a roar, and the cut was left behind.

"A second later we were over the hill and on solid ground. I glanced back and saw the headlight of the wild engine in the cut not one hundred yards distant. With frozen blood I awaited the crash. It came. A sudden shock ran over the train, and my engine leaped forward, but luckily did not leave the track.

"Instantly I realized the vestibule arrangement on the coaches had broken the force of the collision, aided also by the rapid speed of our train. A second later the same whistle which had thrilled us before rang out, but this time it was the cheery call for brakes, entirely different from the former shrieks. I shut off steam and put on air cautiously to see whether the light engine was pushing us with her full power.

"Finding it was not, I looked back and saw the runaway come to a standstill just as we passed the tower and rolled under the Seventeenth street bridge at Altoona. I afterwards learned the levers on the helper had caught in some way, and the engine could not be stopped.

"When it struck the rear coach, however, the shock loosened the machinery, and the engineer at once shut off steam and put on the brakes on the driving wheels.

"Well, there comes the Pan-Handle connection. Good night."—Boston Globe.

### A Palindrome.

A palindrome is a line or phrase that reads the same backward as forward. The Latin language is full of such linguistic freaks; the English has but few. One at least is imitable; it represents our first parent politely introducing himself to Eve in these words: "Madam, I'm Adam." The following phrase lacks but one letter of being even more remarkable: "Lewd did I live, evil did I dwell." From the Latin we have: "Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor" (Rome, love will come to you suddenly with violence).—Detroit Free Press.

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### MARK TWAIN'S NEW STORIES.

The Century Co. has bought well nigh the complete literary "out-put" of Mark Twain during his year of residence abroad and both *The Century* and *St. Nicholas* will have serial stories by this popular humorist among the attractions of the new year. For *The Century* he has written a novel which is said to abound with humorous and dramatic incident, and in some chapters to be a revelation of tragic power. Its plot includes a most ingenious employment of science in the detection of crime. It is called "Pudd'n 'head Wilson," and like "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" is a story of a Mississippi steamboat town.

For the boy and girl readers of *St. Nicholas* he has written "Tom Sawyer Abroad," being the adventures of Tom Sawyer, accompanied by Huckleberry Finn and the negro "Jim," in the Eastern Hemisphere,—which is not reached in the ordinary way, but accidentally, as it were, and in a flying-machine.

### TABLE TALK.

We have heard it said that "there is an end to all good things," but when we look through "TABLE TALK" and find that each month it improves and grows more practical, we are compelled to say that this is the exception that proves the rule. The September number is now before us and the practical common-sense manner in which all the departments are conducted, makes it a true helper to the housekeeper. After she has once followed its suggestions, her only regret will be that she did not know of it sooner.

Helen Louise Johnson, as usual, gives New Menus for every meal during the month also "Food in Season," as well as many interesting facts and help contained in the "Housekeeper's Inquiry Department." The "New Bill of Fare," conducted by M. C. Myer, is unusually attractive, as are also the Washington Letter and the Fashion Department. They offer to send a sample copy free to any of our readers, and if you do not know the magazine, we think you would do well to make its acquaintance. It is published by Table Talk Publishing Co., 1113 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, at $1.00 per year.

"The Skirts of Chance," Capt. Alfred Thompson's strong and vividly-worded prize novelette, published in "Tales from Town Topics No. 9," will appeal to a wide circle of readers. The characters are drawn with force and cleverness, the action is rapid and continuous, and the story abounds in dramatic pictures. It deals largely with the stage and the frequenters of the *coulisse*; but the scene is a moving one, the action taking place in London and in many principal cities of continental Europe. London uppertendom and upper bohemia elbow each other throughout the book, and the reader is often times dazzled by the garish yet fascinating light surrounding the lives of many of the characters. The story fills one hundred and fifty pages, and is followed by a large and well-selected assortment of miscellaneous matter, comprising the tenderest, wittiest, most humorous poems, stories and burlesques ever printed in the clever New York society journal, *Town Topics*, 21 West Twenty-third street, New York.

### THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

Comparatively few couples are spared to enjoy the pleasure of celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, their Golden Wedding, but such was the good fortune of Dr. Frederick and Mrs. Humphreys on August 1st.

The reception took place at Monmouth Beach, their country-seat, of which there is none handsomer on the Jersey Coast, the grounds running to the broad Atlantic; the fine, beautiful house of "many gables" was even more attractive than ever, when decked with golden flowers, and when there was gathered beneath its spacious roof, children, grand-children, kinsfolk and friends from far and near.

The dresses of the ladies, the strains of sweet music, the fragrance of flowers and the many rich and rare presents gave the effect of fairy land.

The scene seemed complete, when the central figure, erect and as handsome as of yore, Dr. Humphreys and his sweet faced wife, children, grand-children and friends, stood while the golden Loving Cup was passed from hand to hand. Each sip of the rich wine was accompanied by a silent prayer for the continual happiness of our host and hostess.

"Away! Away! There is danger here!
A terrible phantom is bending near:
With no human look, with no human breath,
He stands beside thee—the haunter—Death!"

If there is one disease more than another that comes like the unbidden guest at a banquet, it is Catarrh. Insidiously it steals upon you, "with no human breath" It gradually, like the octopus, winds its coils about you and crushes you. But there is a medicine, called Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, that can tear you away from the monster, and turn the sythes' point of the reaper. The makers of this wonderful remedy offer, in good faith a standing reward of $500 for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head.

### HOLDING THEIR WHEAT.

A dispatch from Reading to the *Public Ledger*, of Philadelphia, says:

"Owing to the low price of wheat, several persons in Berks county who can afford the outlay of money have put up warehouses for the storage of grain, which they are buying up at the prevailing price, expecting an advance later. Instances have come to light where farmers have stored up and have still on hand the wheat crops of '91, '92 and '93."

### NOW.

If you have a kind word—say it,
Throbbing hearts soon sink to rest;
If you owe a kindness—pay it,
Life's sun hurries to the west.

Can you do a kind deed—do it,
From despair some soul to save;
Bless each day as you pass through it,
Marching onward to the grave.

If some grand thing for to-morrow
You are dreaming—do it now;
From the future do not borrow,
Frost soon gathers on the brow.

Speak your word, perform your duty,
Night is coming deep with rest;
Stars will gleam in fadeless beauty,
Grasses whisper o'er your breast.

Days for deeds are few, my brother,
Then to-day fulfil your vow;
If you mean to help another,
Do not dream it—do it now.

## BY MUTUAL CONSENT.

"It is plain to me," said Blummer, after he had quarreled with his wife for half an hour over the breakfast table. "It is very plain to me that we are quite incompatible!"

"I fully agree with you," retorted Mrs. Blummer, wiping the tears of anger from her pretty brown eyes.

"We are not at all congenial!"

"On this point," observed Blummer, icily, "we seem to have no difference of opinion. We were utterly mistaken in ever imagining we cared for each other enough to——"

"You are right," the little woman broke in, determined he should not gain the least advantage. "It was very silly of me and I shall never cease to regret it."

"I made a blooming idiot of myself," Blummer brutally declared. "But then, you were a rather pretty and stylish girl when I met you at——"

"Oh, you are really growing complimentary! So I was a rather pretty and stylish girl—when you met me! That was just one year ago. I suppose I have grown old and homely and dowdy in a year! If so, the life I have led with you during the last six months is the cause of it!"

She was growing hysterical again.

"I have done all I could to make you happy, but you are the most unreasonable woman I ever saw. I thought you an angel, but I have found you possess a temper—like—a coal chisel. Our married life has been a wretched failure!"

Then he very deliberately attempted to take a drink of coffee from his egg glass.

"There is a remedy for our wretchedness!" exclaimed the little woman, decidedly, a look of resolution on her flushed face.

"Yes," he nodded. "The remedy is separation: It would be a glorious thing to be a free man again."

She leaped to her feet.

"That settles it, Mr. Blummer! I'll not live another day with you after this! I shall enjoy my freedom quite as much as you will. The only thing I dread is the horrible disgrace of being seen in a divorce court."

"You need not worry about that, Mrs. Blummer, unless you wish to marry again, for we can live apart by mutual consent and there need be no divorce. As for me, I shall never marry again."

"Nor I. Once is enough for me! We will separate quietly."

She sat down again and they talked it over, finally arriving to an agreement.

Mrs. Blummer went away to a remote little resort amid the mountains, where she could spend a quiet summer. She stopped at a picturesque old hotel, where she was known as a widow, as it happened she affected black. And a very gay little widow she made, for she was determined to obtain utter forgetfulness in the pleasure to be extracted from the passing moment.

And so it came about that she made the acquaintance of a "perfectly lovely" old doctor, who took a great interest in her. He was so very kind and attentive that he seemed like a father to her.

Day after day Mrs. Blummer and the doctor were seen together and it was not long before the other guests began to gossip mildly about them.

"She is awfully lucky!" declared one gushing young thing. "He is really in earnest and he's so awfully rich! No sensible girl would mind his age, for he's awfully handsome. But it's always the widows who make the lucky catches."

One day the doctor and Mrs. Blummer were alone in a cozy little nook beside the mountain stream, where they had come for the ostensible purpose of fishing. But their rods lay idly on the ground and they were seated quite near together on the soft moss.

"Mrs. Blummer," said the doctor, securing one of her hands. "I love you and I want you to marry me. I am a wealthy man and I will do everything in my power to make you happy."

Her tender brown eyes filled with tears and she tried to release her hand.

"Doctor, I cannot marry you."

"Why not?"

"I am married already."

Then she told him everything in a frank way that made him feel that he loved her all the more desperately. When she had finished he said:

"You do not love this man to whom you are bound?"

"No."

"Would you marry me if you were free?"

"I—I think so."

"Then you must obtain a legal separation from him."

Three hundred miles away Blummer was enjoying himself at the seashore. He met a very charming and beautiful girl and by way of diversion he sought her society as much as possible. One day he came to the conclusion that he was really and truly in love with her.

From that moment Blummer grew rapidly desparate, after the manner of any man who knows his affection is reciprocated yet feels that the situation is hopeless.

One night as they sat on a huge bowlder and watched the glory of the moonlight on the rippling ocean he told her how much he loved her and heard her sweet voice confess a mutual attachment.

Then came the task of revealing the truth, which he did in a manly manner. Of course she was shocked and distressed, but she acknowledged she loved him still.

"Would I were a free man," he cried "I can be in a short time," he added a sudden thought coming to him. "My wife will not oppose a separation. Will you wait for me and marry me then?"

"Yes, dear."

Blummer felf himself the happiest man one earth.

Mr. and Mrs. Blummer met by appointment. They greeted each other coldly.

"Henry," spoke the little woman, after some moments of hesitation, "I have come to ask a favor of you."

"And I have come to ask one to obtain a legal separation from you."

"Why, that is the very thing I was going to ask you. I am willing to give you the necessary grounds and we can take the case to South Dakota. Everything shall be done as quietly as possible."

Both seemed delighted, and still they eyed each other a trifle suspiciously, as if scenting the truth.

"Why do you wish a separation, Edna?" he finally asked. "I trust you are not contemplating another marriage as soon as this? I believe you said once was enough for you."

She tossed her head, defiantly.

"I have no reasen to conceal the truth," she replied. "I am contemplating another marriage. I have found an ideal man and he will make me his wife as soon as proper after the separation."

Blummer felt a twinge of pained surprise and he fancied his wife had never seemed quite so handsome before.

"I am also going to get married," he acknowledged, finding pleasure in his ability to say so. "I am engaged to a most charming girl who, I am confident, will made a model wife."

He had arisen and she sprung to her feet and confronted him, her chin quivering. For some moments they stood looking into each other's eyes, a strange feeling creeping over them.

"Henry Blummer!" she finally sobbed; "you are a brute! I—I did th-think you would have more regard for me than this! If you marry again, I'll kill my-myself!"

Dear little soul! How Blummer longed to take her in his arms and console her!

"But are you going to get married he protested.

"No, I am not!" she quickly asserted. "I did think of it, but I've changed my mind now. You don't love me a bit and I am ready to die!"

He couldn't resist longer, so he caught her close to his breast and she sobbed on his shoulder, making no attempt to get away.

"Edna," he murmured, his mustache close to her sharpely little ear; "we have been deceiving ourselves. We care more for each other than for all the rest of the world! We ought to live happily together. Let's try it over again, little wife."

"I am willing, dear."

She lifted her smiling, tear-stained face and he kissed her dainty mouth.

### REDUCED RATES OF FARE TO WASHINGTON VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The hundredth anniversary of the laying of the corner-stone of the United States Capitol will be celebrated at Washington on Monday, September 18th, with ceremonies appropriate for an occasion so nationally momentous.

Patriotic and historic orations will be delivered by well-known speakers and statesmen, and it is intended to have other fitting tributes paid to this national commemoration.

That people from other cities and towns may attend the celebration, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all points on its system east of Pittsburg and Erie, except the Downingtown and Lancaster branch, at one and a third fares, which is a considerable reduction. The tickets will be sold by the company's agents on September 16th 17th, and 18th, good going only on those dates and for return passage until the 21st of the month, which will permit of quite a little visit in the nation's capital.


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### EDUCATIONAL RACE LEADERS, METHOD AND UNITY.

Afro-Americans are not to be censured for operating institutions of learning of themselves. Because they do this is no reason why they should or do undervalue the privileges offered by the leading schools of the land, at home or abroad. The self-development and self-achievement possible under their own ethnological environments cannot be secured to the people through any race channel save their own. Education of the truest and most complete type must be from within outwards. The value of the statement need not be one whit lessened because the race rather than the individual is the standard of operation. When the richest ore has been gathered from the mine of another race, its highest value to the one that would appropriate it can be best brought out by the individual adaptation and adeptness of the appropriating party. To receive the best training offered by the more fortunate race is a good thing for Afro-American institution; it is nevertheless better by far that this training, other things being equal, have the dye of those who are to be constant guides as well as transient directors of the itinerarits of said race variety.

Some of our best educators differ with regard to method. Ancient literature stands in the doorway of the student and says come this way. Modern science, all discovered in the present century, says this way. Professor of the old school of dogmatic theology still hold on tenaciously to the dividing lines between Arminius and John Calvin, whilst other professors of the more liberal schools of theology consider these matters of minor importance compared with the all important subject of salvation; and yet study what you will the church of your choice expects her scholars to be able to defend the faith and doctrines of the church.

Rev. L. L. Henson, one of the great preachers of the Baptist church, said before the Baptist Young People's Union of America, at their great international convention at Detriot, Mich., July 14, 1892: "Our motto, as you see, is dwell together in unity. We believe in union, but we believe in more than union. You can tie a dog and a cat by the tail and hang them across a clothes line, and you have union but not unity." Yes, we want more than union. We want unity in the furtherance of every good object for God and humanity.

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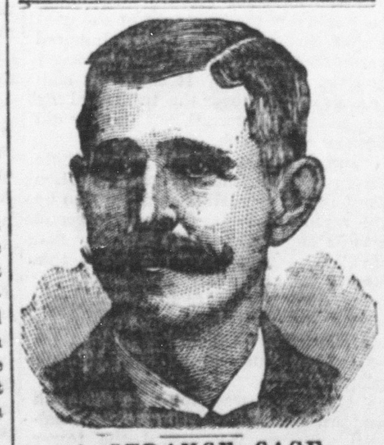

## A STRANGE CASE.

### How an Enemy was Foiled.

The following graphic statement will be read with intense interest: "I cannot describe the numb, creepy sensation that existed in my arms, hands and legs. I had to rub and beat those parts until they were sore, to overcome in a measure the dead feeling that had taken possession of them. In addition, I had a strange weakness in my back and around my waist, together with an indescribable 'gone' feeling in my stomach. Physicians said it was creeping paralysis, from which, according to their universal conclusion, there is no relief. Once it fastens upon a person, they say, it continues its insidious progress until it reaches a vital point and the sufferer dies. Such was my prospect. I had been doctoring a year and a half steadily, but with no particular benefit, when I saw an advertisement of Dr Miles' Restorative Nervine, procured a bottle and began using it. Marvelous as it may seem, but a few days had passed before every bit of that creepy feeling had left me, and there has not been even the slightest indication of its return. I now feel as well as I ever did, and have gained ten pounds in weight, though I had run down from 170 to 157. Four others have used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine on my recomendation, and it has been as satisfactory in their cases as in mine."—James Kane, La Rue, O.

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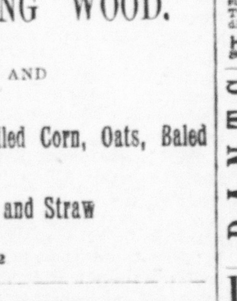


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### A THREAD OF SONG.

It was only a broken chord of song
That sang itself, the livelong day,
Over and over in my heart,
And always the same sweet way—
Always beginning low and soft,
Like a tenderly spoken, "Love, good night!",
And ending in glad and joyous strains,
Like a morning psalm when the world is bright.

And the hours of the day were woven in
By the mystic thread of the haunting song,
That, somewhere out of the vanished past,
Sent forth its witchery clear and strong;
When the sky is flushed with the coming dawn,
Yet sad as the thoughtful hour which comes
When the last red light of day is done.

Beautiful echo that drifted back
From the far-off shore of long ago,
Over the wide and rugged waste,
Where never the winds of gladness blow,
Bringing the odor of wildwood flowers;
The laughing song of the mountain rill;
The green, glad fields where the cowslips grow
And the gleam of waters calm and still.

Sitting alone in the twilight still,
Whose mantle covers the earth with gray,
My heart is touched and my eyes grow dim,
As the glow of the sunset fades away.
And I feel the presence of the unseen guests
That out of the shadowy regions throng,
And I know they have crossed from the farther shore
On the slender thread of the sweet old song.
—Abbot Blunt in Christian at Work.

### AN EDITOR'S ERROR.

The "house with cupola," as it was generally referred to, was situated at the head of the long and straggling street called Main street, in the village of Davisburg. It was built for and occupied by the editor of the Clarion. To be more explicit, Mr. Boneset, as I will call him, was editor, publisher, and proprietor of the Clarion. Mr. Boneset wasn't much of an editor, and the Clarion wasn't much of a newspaper, but both managed to exist.

The editor was fifteen years building the house with the cupola. All the lumber, hardware, plastering, and painting was secured by advertising and subscriptions.

One day, a week or so after the Clarion's announcement that "we have finally moved into our new house on the hill, and our wife is well pleased with the location," the wife was called away by the illness of a relative, and that night the editor had the house all to himself. It was midnight when he was aroused from his dreams. A man with a pistol sat on the bed beside him. A lamp had been lighted by the intruder, and the editor had only to open his eyes to realize that something had happened to knock his usual routine into "pi."

"I want money!" growled the intruder, as he saw that the editor was awake.

"How did you get in?" queried the latter.

"By way of a ladder, the roof, and the cupola, if you want to know. Come, shell out."

"My friend, we have nothing to shell," was the honest reply. "We did have $3 in cash, but we gave it to our wife when she went away to day. You may possibly find 30 or 40 cents in our trousers, but the sum total will not reach 50.

"You are a swindle of a man, you are; exclaimed the burglar. "Get out of bed and look around. I've got to have money, and you must shell out, or take the consequences."

"My friend, we'll get out of bed and we'll search around, but the result will be fruitless. The fact is, we've got to borrow money from someone to get our next bundle of paper. Couldn't you——"

"Now overhaul that bureau," commanded the burglar, as Mr. Boneset got into his trousers.

The sum total of wealth would not have figured up a dollar. There was an old locket, a washed finger ring, and a plated watch chain, many years old. The burglar was indignant and made threats. He ordered Mr. Boneset to accompany him about the house and overhaul closets and trunks and boxes. He even insisted on a search of the pantry, saying that he had heard of people hiding their money in old teapots on the top shelf. As the editor appeared to be mild-mannered and harmless, the burglar gradually relaxed his precautions. They had finished with the pantry when Mr. Boneset saw his opportunity.

Urged by a force he could not resist, although he had never even knocked a chip off a man's shoulder in his life, he struck out with his right and hit the stranger on the point of the jaw. It was a prize-fighter's blow, and the stranger was put to sleep. Mr. Boneset lost 30 seconds of valuable time in recovering from his amazement, and then he reached for one of the half dozen clothes lines, and in a couple of minutes had his man securely bound. He was in time. Indeed, he had started a bit of fire in the kitchen stove, and drawn up the family rocking chair before the burglar regained his senses.

"Well, as you see, the tables are turned," observed the editor, as he set his chair in motion.

Tho burglar struggled and cursed and threatened, but he was helpless.

"As an editor," continued Mr. Boneset, "we have continuously and persistently advocated that we had too much law in this country, and that most of the laws were too severely enforced. Take the crime of burglary for instance. We can remember fifty different instances where we have declared that the minimum penalty even was a relic of barbarism. We have strenuously contended that men were driven to crime in order to procure the necessities of life, and that instead of more prisons we needed more aid societies. Our esteemed contemporary has always taken an opposite view, and our arguments have been very exhaustive and rancorous. Were you driven to this crime because of hunger?"

"Look here, you old bloke, I'll have your life for this," replied the burglar.

"Are you hungry?"

"Hungry! D'ye think I'm a fool?"

"Have you looked in vain for a chance to turn your muscle into money in an honest way?"

"D'ye mean work?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are an idiot! I'd like to catch myself working!"

"Then you are a criminal from choice, eh?"

"Of course I am, you moon-faced fool, and unless you untie me I'll have your life for this."

"Then our esteemed contemporary has been right all along," sighed Mr. Boneset, as he looked down upon his victim. "Our arguments have been founded on ignorance, and our deductions have convinced no one but ourself. You are the first criminal we have encountered in the flesh. All our arguments were based on criminals in the abstract. We have been deceived. Our delusions have been put to flight."

The robber cursed him high and low and struggled with his bonds, but Mr. Boneset continued:

"Better late than never, however. We shall now advocate the maximum punishment and more. You entered our house to rob us. Let us see if you have anything worth taking.

He knelt down beside the man and searched his pockets. The search brought to light a gold watch, $37 in cash and a diamond pin—the proceeds of a crime committed elsewhere.

"Ah! This is better!" chuckled Mr. Boneset. "This is more money than we have handled in three months. We shall appropriate everything to our own personal benefit. This plunder dispels any last lingering doubt that necessity drove you to crime."

For the next two minutes the burglar indulged in a continuous stream of abuse, and wound up by uttering terrible threats of what would happen when he got free.

"If such are your intentions," replied Mr. Boneset, after a visit to his bed-room to put away the plunder, "it is only fair that we should reciprocate the sentiment which inspires you."

He picked up the broom, broke off the handle, and for five long minutes he pounded the burglar's body from chin to heel. The man yelled and cursed, and rolled over and over on the floor, and when the blows ceased to fall, he said:

"If I have to live a thousand years, I'll have your life for this."

"Another one of our pet theories has been that criminals were not vicious," replied the editor, as he sat down to rest. "In the last issue of the Clarion we had a half column article on the subject. We contended that the average criminal had neither spite nor malice, but was simply seeking to get what the world denied him—a living. You seem to be a thoroughly wicked man."

"You bet I am!"

"In our issue of two weeks ago, we contended that the average robber aimed to rob the rich only and only because oppressed by capital. Were we correct? No. I see we are not. The moment you entered this house you realized that it belonged to a poor man. There are at least ten men in the town worth $25,000 each; but you passed them all by. We further contended that the robber simply sought for plunder. Your actions, on first arousing us, led us to believe that failure to secure plunder would have led you to assault us."

"Yes; I wish I had put a bullet into your head, and gone through the house afterward!" growled the man.

The editor arose and wielded the broom handle for another five minutes, and then sat down to remark:

"About six weeks ago there was a case of punishment in the New Jersey State prison, which aroused public discussion. A convict refused to obey orders and got the strap. We contended that a few kind words would have touched his heart and broken his resolution, while our esteemed contemporary argued that he should have been punished an hour sooner than he was. It seems that we were wrong in that particular also."

"Look out for me, old man!" growled the burglar, as he gritted his teeth.

"I see. Our whole line of reasoning, from start to finish, has been wrong, though we don't propose to admit it and give our esteemed contemporary an opportunity to exult. We shall simply declare that we have closed the discussion for fear of wearying our intelligent subscribers. But tell me, could you have found work and lived an honest life had you so desired?"

"Work! Why you hump-nosed bloke, who wants work when he can make a living without? As for honesty, everybody grabs what he can get. The only thing I'm sorry about is that such a fool as you should have laid me by the heels in this fashion. If I was free I'd roast you at the fire!"

"We believe you would, but you won't get free. We can now clearly see what an ass we have made of ourselves in arguing as we have, and——"

And he rose up and applied the broom handle again until his shoulders ached. Greatly to his surprise the burglar called for mercy.

"Can this be a parallel case of the New Jersey affair?" gasped Mr. Boneset, as he resumed his seat in the rocking chair and picked up the burglar's revolver. "All our kind words produced no effect upon you, but corporal punishment seems to bring you to terms."

"For Heaven's sake don't wallop me any more," whined the man.

"You have threatened to murder us."

"But that was all guff."

"You would have robbed and maltreated us."

"But I am sorry I ever came in here."

"How about living a thousand years to get revenge on us?"

"All nonsense. Say, old man, let up on me and I'll make my tracks. You've had all the fun there was in it and can afford to turn me loose."

"Not yet. In our arguments with our esteemed contemporary we have repeatedly declared that criminals were only hardened by corporal punishment. We now discover that we have been altogether wrong, and that——"

"Don't! don't!" shouted the burglar, as Mr. Boneset spat on his hands and flourished the broomstick. "You didn't get all my money. If you let me go I will tell you where I have hidden $100."

"Well?"

"In that left boot. Take it off and let me go, and you'll never see me around here again."

Mr. Boneset pulled off the boot and found five $20 bills in it. He put them in his pocket and asked:

"Got any more?"

Holding the burglar's revolver in one hand, and using the knife with the other, Mr. Boneset soon freed the fellow from bondage. He had pluck left. He got upon his feet with a groan, opened the kitchen door as commanded, and the editor followed him round the house to the front gate. The man hadn't a word to say. He gained the highway and dragged himself out of sight in the darkness, and has never been heard of in the village since. Mr. Boneset looked after him for a long time, and then slowly re-entered the house, hunted up paper and pencil and sat down and wrote:

"Our Victory—From the numerous letters received from subscribers, we are satisfied that we have won a complete victory over our esteemed contemporary in the discussion regarding criminals—how they are made such, how they should be treated, what kindness will do for them etc. We shall, therefore, pursue the subject no further, but devote the space to additional local and general news of interest to our many intelligent subscribers."—Utica Globe.

### SOME REASONS WHY.

People who express surprise at the number of disabled men on the pension roll should take a glance at the "Medical History of the War," and their surprise will speedily change to wonder that there are not more broken down men on the roll.

To begin with, the Surgeon General reports that there were 6,049,048 cases treated in the hospitals. These were so serious that 304,369 resulted in death, or about 1 in every 20. As the number of cases was more than twice as many as the total number of enlistments, this shows that on an average every man was twice in the hospital for wounds, injury or disease. As one man in every nine actually died while in service, it must follow that the eight who survive must have received pretty serious injuries.

Coming down to details, we find the enormous number of 280,050 men treated for gunshot wounds, of whom 49,205 actually died, leaving 230,835 to live on for a term of years, more or less disabled. There were 49,863 so badly injured as to be of no further service to the United States, and were accordingly discharged.

The deadly miasmas of the Chickahominy swamp, the South Carolina Islands, the Louisiana lowlands, and the Mississippi morasses, sent 3,377,516 cases to the hospitals, which resulted in 110,326 deaths and 37,882 men so broken down as to require their discharge from the service.

The terrible exposures sent 466,885 men to the hospitals with diseases of the lungs and throat, of whom 24,100 died, and 20,935 had to be discharged because their affliction had developed into consumption.

Camp diarrhea claimed 617,516 victims, of whom 44,558 actually died, and 16,487 were discharged from the army.

General debility caused the discharge of 15,040 men from the army; rheumatism of 12,353; heart disease of 10,797. Altogether there were 285,245 men discharged for disability. This represents only the men who were then so broken down as to be incapable of further service. It takes no account of the hundreds of thousands more who, though badly injured, clung to their colors to the end, in the patriotism and pride of youth, and then went home to fight a long, bitter, losing struggle with the advancing years. When they finally lost the fight, they left to the care of the country they had saved at such great cost to themselves their bereaved widows and orphans.

Does one not rather wonder that the pension roll is no larger?

Ex-President Harrison's speech to the soldiers is attracting much attention. General Harrison always has something to say, or at any rate he never makes a public speech without saying something which is well worth hearing and he always says it well. His remark in regard to the alleged pension frauds, that fraud is to be proved, not to be presumed, is a happy application of a well-known legal maxim. The Democrats have presumed with great activity, but they have proved mighty little fraud so far, and in the meantime they have caused a good deal of suffering among worthy war veterans.

### AFTER ROBERT INGERSOLL.

Col. Bob. Ingersoll, the infidel, has his law office in New York City. To all his callers he is extremely courteous. On Tuesday he was busily engaged with a railroad client, when a couple of religious enthusiasts entered and suddenly startled the Colonel and his railroad client by kneeling down in the midst of his books and papers and crying out to the Lord "to save this great infidel."

"Lord! Lord! Oh, save and have mercy on this enemy of Thine, who has done such great injury in Thy vineyard," the praying band shouted, over and over.

"Hold on there! Hold on! I am talking business to a client," exclaimed the Colonel.

"Leave off before it is too late and look after the business of your soul. O, great infidel, we have come to save you," cried the exhorters.

"That's all right, but for heaven's sake wait outside, will you, for me? I am thinking about railroads now," said the Colonel as he began to lose patience.

His client suggested that he call in the police. His private secretary stood by helpless while the praying couple continued their exhortations. Suddenly they burst out in song:

Division from the devil,
Division from the wrong,
United in King Jesus,
We'll send the cry along;
For in his strength we'll battle
And do our best to win
From Satan all his millions—
To Christ we'll bring them in.

"That will do! That will do!" shouted the Colonel. "I am a busy man."

But the praying couple only changed their tune and began again:

At the judgment day, great sinner
When your sentence is passed while you wait
Oh, how you will plead for your pardon,
But pleadings will be too late.

To make a bold start, great sinner,
Jesus will help you along;
Sweetly and kindly He will guide you,
And He will put in your heart a new song.

This last effort of the praying band was too much for the Colonel, who said a few things under his breath and left his private office in possession of the exhorters.

Half an hour later the Colonel returned and half-opened his door and peeped in.

"Have they gone?" he asked of his clerks.

When assured that the praying band had left he ventured to his private office. He called in his stenographer and dictated the following, which was printed in big black letters on a piece of cardboard and hung in a conspicuous place in the main office:—

NOTICE.
I DON'T NEED SALVATION.
All persons who wish to pray for me have my permission to do so.
BUT
kindly keep out of my private office until after business hours,
ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

### SWINGING AROUND THE CIRCLE

Of the diseases to which it is adapted with the best results, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a family medicine, comprehensive in its scope, has never been thrust upon public attention in the guise of a universal panacea for bodily ills. This claim, daily arrogated in the columns of the daily press by the proprietors of medicines far inferior to it as specifics, has in a thousand instances disgusted the public in advance by its absurdity, and the prospects of other remedies of superior qualities have been handicapped by the pretensions of their worthless predecessors. But the American people know, because they have verified the fact by the most trying tests, that the Bitters possesses the virtues of a real specific in cases of malarial and liver disorder, constipation, nervous, rheumatic, stomach and kidney trouble. What it does it does thoroughly, and mainly for this reason it is indorsed and recommended by hosts of respectable medical men.

Governor McKinley says that the way to restore confidence is to turn out the Democratic party. He proposes to do his part by carrying Ohio to the tune of 30,000. Pennsylvania ought to roll up three times that figure.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

**It Never fails to Cure—MANNERS DOUBLE EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.**

### SOLVING THE TRAMP PROBLEM.

A Kansas woman who has been elected police justice of her city has adopted a novel solution of the tramp problem. The first tramp who was brought before her for judgment was sentenced to two baths a day for ten days and to hard labor on the stone pile, with the order that he should be fed if he worked and starved if he shirked. The prisoner survived the ordeal, but now the first question that a tramp asks on approaching a Kansas town is whether the police justice is a man or woman.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."


**The best** builders use only the best materials—lumber, brick, lime, cement, sand—whatever goes into the construction of a building; they employ only the best workmen and pay the best wages; they get better prices for their work than their less careful competitors, and always get the best contracts; they paint their work with

**Strictly Pure White Lead**

manufactured by the "Old Dutch Process" of slow corrosion, and with one of the following standard brands:

"Armstrong & McKelvy"
"Beymer-Bauman" "Fahnestock"
"Davis-Chambers"

For colors they use the National Lead Company's Pure White Lead Tinting Colors. These colors are sold in small cans, each being sufficient to tint twenty-five pounds of Strictly Pure White Lead the desired shade.

These brands of Strictly Pure White Lead and National Lead Co.'s Tinting Colors, are for sale by the most reliable dealers in paints everywhere.

If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.,
1 Broadway, New York
Pittsburgh Branch,
National Lead and Oil Co. of Pennsylvania
Pittsburgh, Pa.

# It Tastes Good

One reason why *Scott's Emulsion* of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda has had such a large sale is because it is "Almost as palatable as milk;" but the best reason is that its curative properties are unequalled. It cures the cough, supplies the waste of tissues, produces flesh and builds up the entire system.

Scott's Emulsion cures **Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, and all Anaemic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine.** Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

**Scott's Emulsion**

"A HAND SAW IS A GOOD THING, BUT NOT TO SHAVE WITH."

# SAPOLIO

IS THE PROPER THING FOR HOUSE-CLEANING.

TRADE S.S.S. MARK

S.S.S. ERADICATES BLOOD POISON AND BLOOD TAINT.

SEVERAL bottles of Swift's Specific (S.S.S.) entirely cleansed my system of contagious blood poison of the very worst type.
WM. S. LOOMIS, Shreveport, La.

S.S.S. CURES SCROFULA EVEN IN ITS WORST FORMS.

I HAD SCROFULA in 1884, and cleansed my system entirely from it by taking seven bottles of S. S. S. I have not had any symptoms since. C. W. WILCOX, Spartanburg, S. C.

S.S.S. HAS CURED HUNDREDS OF CASES OF SKIN CANCER.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

## BOOTS & SHOES.

JOHN M. COBLE,
LEMONT, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order, at two dollars less a pair than than the same can be purchased in Bellefonte or any other large town.

First class work and material. Nothing cheap but the price. Satisfaction guaranteed in fit and style.

All I ask is one trial, I know that after that I shall have your trade.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS AS ABOVE
V23 N27 tf

## Road Grading Machinery

The Champion Road Grader has fulfilled all the claims made for its superior capacity. The Supervisors of Union Township purchased one during the spring of 1892, with which they have made the most improved public roads in Centre county. Prior to this year the Supervisors were required to assess six mills road taxes—this year, 1893, they assessed four mills, next year, 1894, they propose to assess three mills road taxes and improve their roads more than they did with six mills road taxes before they purchased their Champion Road Grader from Messrs. McCalmont & Co. Formerly the tax payers had to do the work with shovels and picks, now the horses do the most of the work.

## Champion Rock Crusher.

The Champion Rock Crusher has no equal or competitor, when we compare the quantity of stone crushed in one day, seventy to eighty tons, with the power required to operate it—for the proof of which, we refer those interested or who may want to buy a stone crusher to improve their public roads, to the supervisors and tax payers of Walker twp. Centre Co., Pa., as well as to S. D. Tice, a contractor of Howard, and Wallace White, a contractor of Spring township, Centre Co., Pa., who crushes stone for for macadamizing streets and turnpikes.

## Champion Road Roller

After your roads and streets are macadamized, the Champion Road Roller, operated by horses, can be used to great advantage in rolling down the loose stone to make the road smooth. Those in want of Road Machinery will promote their own interest by inspecting the above machinery before purchasing.

Further information, as to prices and merit, will be furnished on application.

McCALMONT & CO.

WM SHORTLIDGE, } Business
ROBT. MCCALMONT, } Managers. 24-23-6m

WHITES - - - -

## Canada Thistle - - Exterminator.

FACTORY AT BELLEFONTE, PA., IN WHAT IS KNOWN AS THE BELLEFONTE CAR WORKS.

This is a discovery that is destined to prove a blessing to every farmer and land owner.

Whites Canada Thistle Exterminator is a preparation discovered and put on the market by Samuel White, of Bellefonte, Pa. A tablespoonful of this preparation placed on a thistle will kill every stalk so treated in five days from the top of the ground to the extreme length of the root. This has been proven by actual experiment. If applied according to directions furnished with every lot sold it is guaranteed to do the work. A number of Centre county land owners have given the Exterminator a thorough trial, among whom are Brockerhoff Bros. and W. Fred Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds has instructed his farmers to get as much as is needed to exterminate this pest from all of his farms.

PRICE PER BUSHEL, $2.50, OR $5 FOR BAG OF TWO BUSHELS.

Factory at Bellefonte Car Works. Orders addressed to Samuel White, Bellefonte, will receive prompt attention. Terms CASH on receipt of goods. Isaac Haupt authorized agent.

SAMUEL WHITE.
24-23-3m

## PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING

R. J. SCHADD & BRO,
Shop at Steam Works, corner of Lamb and Spring streets, Bellef[illegible] Pa.

We are prepared at all times to furnish all kinds of supplies—hydrants, sinks, bath tubs, water closets, pipe—both lead and cast and wrought iron, either plain or galvanized—brass and other fittings, and everything in the plumbing line.

WORK DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.
LOWEST PRICES AND
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Telephone connection.
ap15-1y

**Clothes** REPAIRED, CLEANSED AND PRESSED.—I have concluded to take up my old trade and am now prepared to do Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing of Clothes at my residence, No. 231 East Lamb street. I solicit a share of patronage and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Work gathered and delivered promptly and charges as low as can possibly be made. A postal card dropped in the mail will receive attention at once.
23 48 tf WILLIAM McCLELLAN.

CLOTHES REPAIRED AND CLEANED.

I have opened a shop at corner of Allegheny and Howard streets, in old law office next door to residence of John P. Linn, where I am prepared to do repairing and cleaning of clothes. Orders by mail promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a trial. CHARLES McCLELLAN.
10-tf,

TO HAVE HEALTH THE LIVER MUST BE IN ORDER.
DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR

Cures thousands annually of Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Malaria. More Ills result from an Unhealthy Liver than any other cause. Why suffer when you can be cured? Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator is a celebrated family medicine.
YOUR DRUGGIST WILL SUPPLY YOU.

"3000 PARCELS OF MAIL" FREE
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(regular price 25c.) your address if received within 30 days will be for 1 year boldly printed on gummed labels. Only Directory guaranteeing 125,000 customers; from publishers and manufacturers you'll receive, probably, thousands of valuable books, papers, samples, magazines, etc., all free and each parcel with one of your printed address labels pasted thereon. EXTRA! We will also print and prepay postage on 500 of your label addresses to you; which stick on your envelopes, books, etc., to prevent their being lost. J. A. WARE, of Reidsville, N. C., writes: "From my 25 cent address in your Lightning Directory I've received my 500 address labels and over 3000 Parcels of Mail. My addresses you scattered among publishers and manufacturers, are arriving daily, on valuable parcels of mail from all parts of the World."

WORLD'S FAIR DIRECTORY CO.,
No. 113 Girard & Frankford Avenues,
24-27-6m Philadelphia, Pa.

# Bellefonte Republican,

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.


## Local Department.

You may stamp it on your collar,
You may paste it in your hat,
That the cat that jumps the quickest
Is the one that gets the fat.

—Mr. W. D. Lacy this week entered the Philipsburg post office as assistant to post master Warfel.

—Misses Jennie McCalmont and Lizzie Shortlidge, who have spent two weeks at the great fair at Chicago, returned home last Saturday.

—The Lutheran sociable held at the residence of H. Y. Stitzer, last Thursday evening was a complete success. Everything was sold.

—The sweetest sweet potatoes we ever ate came from the Eureka Grocery, one day this week. They were a famous select brand of uniform size.

—If you want good bread, try the White Rose flour, sold at the Eureka Grocery. This is a western flour and is giving first class satisfaction. Try it.

—There is some talk of continuing the World's Fair to Jan 1, 1894. The increased attendance of the last two months has led the managers to entertain this proposition.

—The *Tyrone Herald* says: Misses Lulu Harper; Kate Bullock, Mame Butts and Lydia Harris, of Bellefonte, were in Tyrone today. They were en route to Chicago and the Fair.

—The office of the passenger department of the Beech Creek railroad has been removed from Jersey Shore to Philipsburg, in this county. But it has been decided to allow the shops to remain at the former place for the present.

—These are said to be very dull times but the managers of the Eureka Grocery have not found it out by any slacking up of business at this old and favorite stand. They are gaining new customers every day by their fair dealing and constant efforts to please their patrons. Call and see them; they will help you save money.

—The Granger's picnic is in full blast this week at Grange Park, near Centre Hall. There is not as large an attendance this year as there has been other years. By some this is attributed to the raise in the railroad fair, the panic, and the fact that so many have been and are going to the great fair at Chicago, but at this writing the picnic is not over and larger crowds may attend later in the week.

—A party of hunters started out from Milesburg a few days ago to get squirrel and came to a tree where they could plainly see the game lying on a branch. They surrounded the tree and one of them fired several shots but to their surprise the game refused to come down. Finally it was decided to climb the tree and interview the stubborn fellow. After much trouble the branch was reached when it was found to be a stuffed imitation of the true game and nailed fast to the tree.

—Last Monday morning the Misses Zimmerman, of East Lamb street, left for the World's Fair. Hundreds of people from all over the county are making this trip. If the REPUBLICAN were to attempt to publish the names of all they would fill an entire page of the paper. If we could get them all after the fair is over we should like to publish them as we think such a page would be of general interest and if a list of the names from each town and township was furnished us we would be glad to publish.

—Michael Thal, who lives near Roopsburg, has purchased the fruit stand on High street, lately conducted by McQuistion. Mr. Thal has had experience at this business, as he was employed by a former employer and conducted the business for several months while the owner was away on a visit to Italy. He is a careful and industrious young man and we hope and believe that he will make a grand success of this venture. He is worthy of and should receive a share of the public patronage.

—An important land suit has occupied the attention of the court all last week and this week and up to the time of present writing is still in progress. The case involves the title to eleven thousand acres of land in Snow Shoe township, this county. The land contains valuable deposity of coal. The contention for ownership is between the Lehigh Valley railroad company and J. Z. Long, of Howard and John Liggett, of Beech Creek. Orvis Bower and Orvis are attorneys for the railroad company. John G. Love, S. R. Peale, and W. F. Reeder for Long and Liggett.

—The first national bank in Cambria county, outside of Johnstown, was organized at Patton on Wednesday last, when the following officers were elected: President, A. E. Patton, Curwensville, Pa.; cashier, William H. Sanford, Philipsburg, Pa.; directors, John Lang, Corning, N. Y.; A. E. Patton, Curwensville, Pa,; Hon. James Kerr, Clearfield, Pa.; Joseph H. Reilly, Philipsburg, Pa.; Geo. S. Good, Lock Haven, Pa, Four directors are yet to be added from the list of stockholders. It is expected that the bank will be open for business on Oct 1. The capital stock is placed at $50,000, distributed among fourteen stock holders.

### THEY SAY THE PENNA. R. R. WANTS TO BLOCK THE WHEELS OF THE NEW RAILROAD.

A bill in equity has been filed with Prothonotary Smith by the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad Company, and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in its own right and in its right as lesees of the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad company, vs the Nittany Valley Railroad Company, the Valentine Iron Company, their and each of their officers, agents and employes, and J. W. Gephart, Esq., individually and as president of the Valentine Iron Company, to restrain them from using the Nittany Valley railroad in connection with any other line.

Judge Furst's decree signed by him last Thursday reads as follows:

"And now, September 14, 1893 the bill filed in the above stated suit, together with injunction affidavit presented and read to the court. And upon due consideration thereof, a rule is granted upon the above named defendants to show cause why a writ of the injunction should not issue as prayed for in the bill. Said rule is returnable Monday, the second day of Oct., 1893, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court house in Bellefonte, at which time and place hearing upon the granting of said writ of injunction shall be had upon affidavit, and such other evidence in writing, as the parties may offer."

A. O. FURST, P. J.

As soon as this was made known everyone, almost, said it was an attempt of the Pennsylvania R. R. to block the wheels of the Central Pennsylvania railroad now building from Bellefonte to Mill Hall. No one seemed to know what the Penna. R. R. was trying to do and many curious opinions were expressed as to the motive and effect of their action. The people of Bellefonte, or at least most of them, have all along supposed that the Nittany Valley railroad was the property of the Valentine Furnace company, but the late action of the Bald Eagle R. R. Co. and the Penna. R. R. Co. has brought out the fact that the Nittany Valley railroad is not the property of the Furnace company, but is really a branch of the Bald Eagle Valley railroad, and was only leased by the Valentine Furnace Company. It seems that in May, 1891, the Furnace company leased the Nittany Valley railroad for the term of one year. In May, 1892, they re-leased the road for another year, which lease terminated May, 1893; they then re-leased the road for a term of five years and are now operating the road under that lease. Whether the Beld Eagle railroad and the Pennsylvania railroad have any grounds for their action, we should think, would depend altogether upon the terms of this agreement. There has for years been a great deal of talk here that the Pennsylvania railroad was doing all it could to ruin this town; that they charged us more for freight than they did any other town on their main or leased lines; without being able to give any facts or figures, we will venture the assertion that there is not a word of truth in all this talk. It is very natural that the Pennsylvania railroad should look out for their own interest; that they should look with jealous eye upon all efforts to tap their trade with competing lines and that they will block such enterprises if they can; they would not be faithful servants of the company they serve if they did not. If they own that Nittany Valley railroad, it is not surprising that they resist a branch of their own road being made an important feeder to a rival and competing corporation. There is not a man in Bellefonte who would not kick if he was put in their place. But if Mr. Gephart has leased their road for five years, and if there are no conditions in that lease that requires him to turn all the traffic of the Nittany Valley upon the Bald Eagle, then he has out witted them and we do not see how they can compel him or his company, as lesees of the Nittany Valley, to send the traffic of that road over their road, or prevent him from shipping in any direction where he can find an outlet and to his best advantage. But whichever way this may prove to be, or however this suit may terminate, we cannot see how it can prevent the completion of the Central Pennsylvania, if the officers of that road are acting in good faith with the people. Nothing but treason to the people's interest somewhere could bring about such a result, for the worst that could happen would be that the Central would have to build their own branch to the Valentine works, or else get along without that trade, which of course they will not do. There is no doubt, we think, that the Central Pennsylvania railroad will be completed as soon as possible, and that the trains will be running over that road from Bellefonte to Mill Hall by the first of December. The efforts of many to create a feeling against the Pennsylvania railroad is not right; that road has done much for Bellefonte after all and has given this town good accommodations. We do not say that freight is as low as it will be with another road, but when the other road comes, no doubt shippers will use the route and road that serves them best.

—David Newlin Fell, for Supreme Judge, S. M. Jackson, for State Treasurer, will be elected this fall by one of the largest majorities ever given a republican state ticket. The people of Pennsylvania will show the soldier haters and tariff tinkerers that "they are not in it" in this state. The same result will be reached in Ohio where the democrats concede McKinley at least forty thousand majority and we would not be surprised if it reaches one hundred thousand. The people can do much to check Hoke Smith in his raid on the old soldiers and evil legislation in congress by piling up heavy republican majorities. Every loyal man should be at his post on election day.

### HOW JAMES CURRY MET HIS DEATH.

The REPUBLICAN last week chronicled the death of James Curry, a native of Bellefonte, which occurred at Buffalo, N. Y. We copy the following account of the sad affair from a Buffalo paper.

One of the saddest and most shocking accidents to railroad employees, in the history of the long list of railroad maimed and killed, occurred at the Abbot Road crossing at the Nickel Road tracks last Tuesday morning, when Mr. James A. Curry, General Yardmaster of the Nickel Plate road, and his first assistant yardmaster, Mr. Wm. H. Thompson, met instant death under the wheels of switch engine No. 34.

A long west bound train had just been made up and was ready for departure and Yardmaster Curry ordered engine 34 to get the caboose and place it on the rear of this train.

It was just 11.55 o'clock when both Curry and Thompson stood in the middle of the track next the waiting train, discussing the work of the afternoon and examining a chart of tracks, whereon certain work was to be done. Engine 34 for the moment was forgotten and all unconscious of the terrible fate bearing down upon them, the men stood deep in the theme of their afternoon duties. A sudden cry of horror froze to their lips, a groan, a crushing and mangling of human flesh beneath the cruel, merciless wheels of Engine 34 and all was over.

Their companions gathered up the remains and tenderly carried them to the operator's office close by and summored the ambulance. But it was the Coroner and not the ambulance that was needed, for life had departed.

Mr. Curry, who was frightfully cut and mangled, lived about eighteen minutes, but was unable to speak. Mr. Thompson died instantly, his skull being crushed and neck broken.

Mr. Curry came here from the West some two years ago, and lived at 161 Smith street with his family, a wife and three interesting children, who are completely prostrated under this fearful calamity.

Mr. Thompson was a well known rail road man of Buffalo, and had been connected with the Nickel Plate road for about seven years, both as road conductor and yardmaster. He also served as conductor on the Lake Shore for a period of years, and many of the employees of the line will be shocked to hear of his awful death. Mr. Thompson leaves a family of a wife and six children who live at the corner of Elk and Selkirk streets. Mrs. Thompson and three of the children were visiting friends in Rochester at the time of the accident, and her grief can be imagined upon learning of the frightful death of her husband.

Both men stood high in esteem of our people, were well liked, and will be much missed by all who knew them. The entire community extends deepest sympathy to the bereaved families.

### WILL OF J. F. MILLER OF HUNTINGDON.

John C. Miller of Bellefonte receives a bequest of $1000,00 if the will stands if it is broken he may get more.

The last will and testament of John F. Miller, who died at Huntingdon about three weeks since, was given to Register and Recorder Isenberg for probate last Saturday. Wm. Dorris, Esq., is made executor.

The deceased's original will, with two codicils attached, was made October 18, 1880, but in most part, with few exceptions, the bequests in it are revoked in the codicil appended May 3, 1888, and April, 1892.

To his nephews John C. Miller, of Bellefonte, and W. W. Miller, of Iowa, he bequeaths $1,000 each.

To his half sister, Sarah C. Welch, for herself and in trust for her sister's Ellen Welch's children, Martha and Mary, the latter the wife of Thomas Miller, of Fullerton, Nebraska, he bequeaths $10,000.

To William Dorris, executor, $5,000 in trust, the interest to be paid annually, to the deceased's niece Mary B. Miller, and after her death to the Presbyterian Board of Relief for Disabled Ministers.

To his niece Margaret S. Taylor, in trust for herself and daughters Annie M. and Elizabeth A. Taylor, $25,000.

To his nieces Annie M. and Elizabeth A. Taylor, all his furniture, books and pictures.

His nephew John H. Miller is released from the payment of a $2,000 note.

The residue of his estate, after debts, funeral expences, collateral inheritance tax, legacies, and all other expenses have been paid, is bequeathed to his niece Margaret S. Taylor, for herself and daughters.

The deceased's specific bequests amount to about $44,000. Only those interested know the exact amount of his possessions.

The Monitor states that Mrs. Caroline M. Carettson, wife of Deputy Sheriff George W. Garrettson, and a niece of the testator, protested against the will being probated. She will contest its validity.

—The latest fad is a poverty sociable. Every woman must wear a calico dress, and every man his old clothes. In addition each one is fined 25 cents if he or she does not have a patch on his or her clothing, and a prize is given to the one wearing the poorest garment.

### A RIOT AT BELLWOOD.

Between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock last Tuesday morning a riot occurred at Bellwood, Blair Co., a short distance from Tyrone. The scene of the battle was in an Italian house in the suburb of Bellwood. Some fifty foreigners had gathered there and were having a high old time drinking beer, and most of them soon became in a good condition for a fight. The disturbance started about some trivial matter and several of the participants were put out of house. Indignant at this they commenced an attack, doors were broken down, windows smashed and other damage done and several of the occupants injured. Finally the outside party appeared to leave and those inside ventured out to go home. As they were walking along the railroad a short distance from the scene of the earlier trouble thay were shot at by the party that had been put out of the house, who were concealed behind some freight cars. After they fired the shot they disappeared.

Three Italians were wounded, one of them being hit in the breast with small shot, one hit by a ball on the top of the head and the other struck on the arm.

The man who received the shot in the breast was Joe Andrews, residing at Ninth avenue and Eleventh street, Altoona. He was paying a visit to his brother-in-law, the landlord of the boarding house, and was not engaged in either of the two previous encounters. Andrews was picked up and carried into a house near by and Dr. Cowan summoned.

Shortly after the shooting affray, James Ross made information before Squire A. C. Lauver, of Bellwood, charging a number of the Italians with riot. Warrants were issued and were placed in the hands of Policeman Shoope, who with three deputies, went to the scene of the riot and arrested George de Maria, Frank de Maria, Cairo Guatero, Graseppo Frocavanti, Joe Petro and James Ross. They were taken to Bellwood and placed in the lockup. At 7 o'clock they were given a hearing before the squire, and there being no evidence that the prisoners had done the shooting, they were held on the charge of riot. Two furnished bail and the other four were committed to jail to await a trial at court.

The other man in the fight was Nicholas Ross, whom the officers arrested after the hearing. The villian fought desparately, however, and managed to escape, but was finally recaptured, after two shots had been fired from the revolver in the hands of Policeman A. J. Youngkin, who pressed the man so hard that he fled to a river. Ross, it is thought, is the man who shot Andrews, but it is very hard to tell. In all probability more arrests will follow, and when court convenes there will be a nice gang of the dusky Italians arraigned before his honor, Judge Landis.

The five Dagos arrested were taken to the jail at Hollidaysburg. Joe Andrews, the man who was shot, was taken to Altoona on the same train and taken to the hospital, where he is now receiving treatment.

These Italians are becoming a little too free to disregard law and order and when they are brought before our courts they should be given as much as the law allows until they learn to behave themselves as they should. We hope the courts of Blair county will handle them without gloves. They need a little discipline. The REPUBLICAN has many tsubscribers at Bellwood and we often feel as though we ought to give more attention to the local happenin that prosperous burg. There are many Centre county people and some Bellefonters residing there. The people of Bellwood are a live, energetic community and will make it warm for Italian law breakers.

### DISTRICT FIREMEN.

A meeting was held in the Hope Fire company's parlor yesterday afternoon for the purpose of organizing a district league of firemen. Delegates were present from DuBois, Curwensville, Clearfield, Houtzdale, Osceola, Tyrone, Bellwood and Bellefonte, and it was resolved to hold a convention in Philipsburg, Oct. 18, 1893, when a permanent organization will be effected. There are twenty five companies in the district, and it is expected that 500 firemen will attend the convention and take part in the parade, which will be a feature of the day. The temporary officers elected yesterday to serve until permanent officers are elected, were: President, Alex Small, Houtzdale; vice presidents, J. R. Whitehill, DuBois; C. J. Simms, Tyrone; J. W. Norris, Curwensville; John Pearl, Bellefonte; Secretary, S. S. Crissman.—*Philipsburg Ledger.*

### LOST HIS PENSION.

The Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin says: A hotel landlord at Hammersly's Forks, who was a Cayenne pepper Democrat, received notice a few days ago to the effect that his pension had been discontinued. This unexpected information was to the poor fellow, a cyclone that swept through his head, blinded him, paralyzed his tongue and made his jaw bones rattle to such a degree that it seemed, for a while, they would unhinge themselves and fly through his jowls into the open air. Such a terrible shake up he never before experienced. The idea that a good Democrat—one that almost idolized President Cleveland, worked hard day and night to help secure his election, should be treated in such a manner, unnerved him. After recovering from his stupor the first thing that attracted his attention was a large portrait of Cleveland hanging on the wall; with a tremendous leap he was at the wall and with both hands clutching the picture he hurled it to the floor, jumped upon it with both feet and swore that he was no longer a member of Democracy.


Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE


### PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Harry Yeager returned home to Bellefonte from the World's Fair last Friday.

J Benner Armor, of Bellefonte, left last Saturday for Baltimore, Md., to attend school.

W. C. Cassidy and wife left last Saturday for Canton, Ohio. on a visit to Mr. Cassidy's parents

Miss Blanch Duck, of Spring Mills, has returned home as a graduate from Pott's Commercial College, Williamsport.

Philip Waddle, a clerk at the Bellefonte freight depot, left for New York city last Friday where he will remain about ten days.

John Ardell and wife and Miss Jennie Crittenden, a sister of Mrs. Ardell, stated for the World's Fair last Wednesday morning.

Miss R L Irvine, of Centre Hall, started for Yokohoma, Japan, last week Friday. She goes to accept a position as teacher in a girls mission school.

Major George A. Hilton is conducting a series of gospel temperance meetings at the court house this week. The first lecture was given to a large and appreciative audience last Tuesday evening. He is an able speaker and will draw large houses.

Miss Margaret Sechler, of East Linn St., gave a party to her friends last Saturday evening at the home of her parents. A bounteous supper was served and dancing was indugled in by all who desired. It was an elegant affair and all who attended had a very pleasant time. Miss Sechler is the best of entertainers.

### DINGES-GREEN.

Last Wednesday Mr. Clevan Dinges, formerly of Centre Hall, now a prosperous business man of Williamsport, was united in marriage to Miss Catharine M. Green, of Bellefonte, the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Potts Green, of East Linn street. The ceremony was performed in the Presbyterian church at high noon by Rev. Wm. Laurie, in the presence of a large circle of invited and uninvited friends. Miss Catharine Curtin was flower girl. Miss Mary Green and Miss Anna Dinges attended the bride. The ushers were T. J. Lee, Harry Green, John Fryberger, of Philipsburg; Simon Dinges, of Williamsport; Dr. U. S. G. Moore, of Shamokin, and John Walker. After the ceremony at the church the invited guests with the bridal party, went to the home of the bride's parents where many happy cougratulations were showered on the newly married pair and a splendid dinner served. The young couple left on the afternoon train for an extended trip to Niagra Falls, the World's Fair and other points of interest to tourists. When they return they will settle down to the duties of every day life at their new home in Williamsport. The bride and groom have many friends in Bellefonte who wish them a happy and prosperous voyage down the river of life.

### FIRE AT EAGLEVILLE.

A saw mill owned by John Nestlerode, near Eagleville, this county, was destroyed by fire last Sunday morning at five o'clock. It was a total loss, no insurance. There is no effective method for extinguishing fire at that place, the bucket brigade worked hard, but without avail; a brisk wind was blowing at the time. There was valuable machines in the mill. It is not known how the fire started but is thought to have been incendiary. This misfortune is a sad loss to Mr. Nestlerode and to the men in his employ, as they are now thrown out of employment at a bad time of the year.

### BUILDING THE BRIDGES.

The bridge builders have got to work on the bridges on the line of the new Central Pennsylvania railroad. A large force of workmen skilled and unskilled left Bellefonte last Tuesday to commence work on the first bridge nearest Mill Hall. After this is finished trains can be run to Washihgton Furnace. The bridges will all be pushed to completion as fast as possible. Half of the track on the entire line has been laid.

In Carlisle, when a man gets a pension and knows no other use than to spend it for whiskey, the court has an inquisition made and if they find that he is a habitual drunkard a committee is appointed to take charge of his affairs and receive his pension and make disposition of it for the pensioner and his family.

### MARRIED.

KRAMER—FETZER—At the M. E. church at Wallace Run, Sept. 7, Mr. R. M. Kramer, of Bellefonte, Pa., and Miss Annie Fetzer, of Milesburg, Pa.

GRASSMYER—GEPHART—At the Lutheran parsonage by Rev. W. K. Diehl, of Nittany, Pa., M. Boyd Grassmyer, and Miss Mabel B. Gephart, both of Milesburg, Pa.

### SAYS HE SET FIRE TO HIS FATHERS BARN.

The Lock Haven *Democrat* says for a number of years Lock Haven has been infested with incendiaries and every effort possible has been made to ferret out the guilty parties, but it was unavailing. Experienced ctiy detectives were brought there and worked on the case for some time, but the wretches successfully evaded them.

Since last fall, to all appearances, the city has had immunity from the torch plyers, until the night of Sunday, August 20. At about 12 o'clock the stable on the rear of the premises occupied by Smart's music store was destroyed, including a horse, several wagons and hay.

Chief of Police Keller was at the scene of the fire, having been aroused from his bed. No one knew the origin of the fire, but Keller began to make inquiries and learned before he went to bed that night that there was malice existing between J. F. Smart and his son, Thomas Smart, who had at various times made threats to other relatives of the family in a confiding sort of a way, that he would get square with his father and fire his barn. Keller kept his eye on him, tracing him from town to town and got wind of the young man's continued suspicious actions and remarks and finally concluded he had a good case of arson and robbery against him, the young man having, it is claimed, stolen $50 from his father. Keller then made affidavit to the above facts before Alderman Noble, located his man in Thomas Smith's lumber camp, in Potter county; had Archie McIntyre, a woodsman, deputized make the arrest, which he did, bringing Smart to Lock Haven and lodging him in jail. He was taken before Alderman Noble Thursday and waived a hearing, to the surprise of the officers, and was, in default of $1,000 bail, committed to jail for his appearance at court.

HE CONFESSED HIS GUILT.

Thursday afternoon Chief Keller and others visited the young man at the jail, and it is rumored induced him to make a confession. The prosecution had already secured sufficient evidence, they claim, to convict him. They say that about 9:30 that Sunday evening, Smart was in the stable, that he had a candle, around which he carefully arranged hay so that the candle would not burn down to the hay for several hours and to hide the evidence of his crime placed a bucket over the burning candle. Keller has evidence of his having also had quite a number of candles in his possession previously, and thinks he has evidence that shows that he has a guilty knowledge of other fires.

The prisoner, in his conversation, says he greatly regrets what he has done, and seems to fully realize the enormity of his crime. His family is almost distracted and cannot understand why his mind ever conceived such a plot. They are respected and have the sympathy of the community.

### LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., September 18, 1893.

Amos Faures Miss C Groce Mrs. Jacob Hazel Mrs. Jno Keeler Sabeot Ramsey Mary J Runkle Miss Bert Shoemaker Miss Jennie Smith.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. FIEDLER, P. M.

### LAYING OF A CORNER STONE.

The laying of the corner stone of the new Baptist Mission church at Marsh Creek will take place on Sabbath Oct. 1st at 11 o'clock a. m. Services will be conducted by Rev. F. S. Forges, of Huntingdon and others. All are invited to attend.

### Bellefonte Markets.

| | |
|---|---|
| Red Wheat, per bushel | $ 62 |
| Mixed wheat per bushel | 60 |
| Buckwheat, new, per bushel | 40 |
| Rye per bushel | 60 |
| Corn (shelled) | 50 |
| Corn (ears) | 45 |
| Oats | 45 |
| Barley | 45 |
| Cloverseed, fair to good | $ 40 |
| do prime and extra prime | 9.00 |
| do choice | 9.60 |
| Flour, retail, per barrel | 5.00 |
| Flour, wholesale | 4 40 |
| Hay choice mixed, per ton | 10 00 |
| " prime timothy " " | 11.00 |
| " choice " " " | 12.00 |

### Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

| | |
|---|---|
| Apples, dried, per pound | 5 |
| Green apples, per bushel | 80 |
| Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded | 10 |
| Dried Currants, per pound | 10 |
| New Raisins, per pound | 10 — 13 |
| Beans, per quart | 10 |
| Fresh Butter, per pound | 25 |
| Cheese, per pound | 16 |
| Country Hams, per pound | 15 |
| Hams, sugar cured | 18 |
| Shoulders | 17 |
| Breakfast Bacon | 17 |
| Country Bacon | 16 |
| Lard, leaf, per pound | 16 |
| Lard, country, per pound | 12 |
| Eggs, per dozen | 18 |
| Potatoes, per bushel | 85 |
| Dried Beef | 25 |
| Canned Beef, 2 pound can | 25 |
| Country Side, per pound | 10 |
| Canned Tomatoes, per can | 12—15 |
| Canned Corn, per can | 12½—18 |
| Lemons, per dozen | 30 |
| Oranges, per dozen | 40—50 |
| Dried sweet Corn, per pound | 10 |
| Apple Butter, per gallon | 5 |
| Roller Flour, per sack | 1 25 |